

# *The* AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*

Published weekly at New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter March 24, 1920, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879.  
Price \$2 the year. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized March 31, 1921.







## The kindest, squarest, best-paying "boss" in the world—offers you these jobs—

### Railway Mail Clerk \$1600 to \$2300 a year

Work 6 days, then 6 days off. 25 days' leave (vacation and sick leave) every year with full pay. Promotion to positions paying \$5400 a year.

### Post-Office Clerk \$1400 to \$1800 a year

8-hour day, extra-pay for overtime. 25 days' leave (vacation and sick leave) every year with full pay. Promotion to positions paying \$5400 a year.

### Department Clerk \$1100 to \$2000 a year and up Extra bonus of \$240 every year. 60 days'

leave (vacation and sick leave) every year with full pay. 7½-hour day.

### Customs Inspector \$1400 to \$3000 a year

Extra bonus of \$240 every year. 60 days' leave (vacation and sick leave) every year with full pay. 7-hour day.

### City Mail Carrier \$1400 to \$1800 a year

25 days' leave (vacation and sick leave) every year with full pay. Good chances for rapid promotion to bigger pay.

### R. F. D. Mail Carrier \$1800 to \$2600 a year 25 days' leave (vacation and sick leave)

every year with full pay. A fine position for men in small town or on farms, as they can do their regular work at the same time.

### Postmaster

**\$1000 to \$2500 a year and up**  
A position that carries with it great importance and great honor. In the smaller towns the postmaster can make big profits by running a store in the post-office.

### Internal Revenue Service \$1400 to \$3000 a year

Extra bonus of \$240 every year. Only 7½ hours a day. 60 days' leave (vacation and sick leave) every year with full pay. Positions open in all parts of the United States.

## Pick Your Own Job and Let Me Help You Get It

Work for Uncle Sam, the finest, squarest boss in the world. He has a wonderful position waiting for you—paying \$1600 to \$2300 a year to start—with easy hours, no strikes, lockouts or layoffs, from 25 to 60 days' leave every year with full pay, and the chance for promotion to jobs paying \$5000 a year and more. And Uncle Sam gives you special preference for these fine jobs because you are an ex-service man! It's easy to pass the Civil Service examination—if you

**KNOW HOW.** And that's my business. I was U. S. Civil Service Examiner for eight years and am qualified to help you. I have shown thousands how to get these splendid positions, and I will train you in your spare time at home so you will pass your examinations with a high rating and be one of the first on your list to qualify for positions open. Pick out the job you want now, and I'll guarantee to coach you until you get the position you want, or my services won't cost you a cent.

**Patterson Civil Service School**  
Dept. R-632 Wisner Bldg.  
Rochester, New York

Please send me your big free book and tell me how I can get a U. S. Civil Service position paying me \$1600 to \$2300 a year in a real good job with excellent chances for rapid advancement. This costs me nothing.

**My New Book FREE**

If you are an American, 18 years or older, you are eligible to a Government Civil Service position, and I want you to have a copy of my splendid, fully illustrated 46-page book telling how you can qualify in your own home to become a Railway Mail Clerk, Postmaster, Custom Service Inspector, R. F. D. Mail Carrier, Panama Canal Clerk, or any of the other fine positions which are fully described in my book. Quit worrying about your job or your pay. You can earn big money in a job with Uncle Sam that you can't lose for any personal, religious or political reasons. Send in the coupon today. Find out how I can help you land a steady good-pay position with the United States. Remember, you get first choice if you saw service. Mail the coupon or a postal today.

**Arthur R. Patterson, Principal**  
**Patterson Civil Service School**  
Wisner Bldg Dept. R-632 Rochester, N. Y.



Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....





Modern Corporations prefer to recruit the executive staff from the ranks wherever possible. "Given two men of equal experience, the trained man is the man to promote," said the President of one \$20,000,000 industry.

## Have they got you safely tagged?

AGAIN AND AGAIN, in directors' rooms, this conversation is heard:

FIRST DIRECTOR: "I wonder whether the man we are looking for isn't in our own organization? How about Madison?"

SECOND DIRECTOR: "I don't see how we could consider him. He is just a salesman" or "He is just an accountant" or "He is just an engineer."

So Madison, who has made a creditable record, is passed over in favor of someone from the outside. His job has tagged him and pigeonholed him. He has done the work for which his superiors employed him so well that they think of him as a fixture in that work.

### A man who refused to be tagged

One of the outstanding young business men of the Pacific Coast is John W. Sparling of Seattle. He is senior partner in the firm of Sparling and Clark; manager of Pacific Ports, Inc.; and he is also chairman of the State Board of Accountancy; yet he has not yet passed this thirtieth birthday.

How does a man reach such a position of responsibility and profit at so early an age? He began in the accounting department of a large company, and might easily have continued to be hidden there for the rest of his business life. But looking around him he saw the tags being tied constantly and more firmly onto men; he saw the danger

of letting it be said, "Sparling is a good accountant, but of course, he's just an accountant." He determined to do something while he still had youth and energy to keep himself from being tagged.

The "something" consisted in

### Sending for "Forging Ahead in Business"

In the pages of "Forging Ahead in Business," a booklet published and distributed by the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Mr. Sparling read the story of the Modern Business Course and Service. He made a decision then, and three years later, he wrote this letter:

"It has been on my mind for some time to write and express to you my sincere appreciation for the assistance and inspiration your Service has been to me in the past few years.

"When I enrolled for the Modern Business Course and Service I had been specializing for some time in accounting. The deeper I got into it the more I realized the danger of specializing too much. I could feel that I was creating a limitation for myself. . . . I realized that to make a really large success in business I must be able to read the story back of all the figures that were to come under my supervision, and not be content to be merely a good compiler of figures. . . ."

### The executive wears no tag

The Alexander Hamilton Institute gave him the thing he needed. It did not make him a salesman, but it gave him the fundamentals of merchandising and sales management; it did not make him a factory superintendent or office manager, but it taught him the essentials of factory and office control; it did not make him a

banker, but it gave him the outstanding principles of corporation finance. In a word, it fitted him to be an executive—to employ specialists and direct them.

That is the service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute in a nutshell. It takes the man who is in danger of being tagged as "only a salesman" or "only an engineer" and provides him with a working knowledge of every other department of business. Such information makes itself apparent in every talk between a man and his superiors; it is the one certain means of attracting notice and inviting promotion.

### Send for the book he sent for

The Alexander Hamilton Institute offers to every thoughtful man a copy of the book for which Mr. Sparling sent, "Forging Ahead in Business." The book is never sold; it is sent gladly to any man who will give it an hour of his time. The rewards of executive training are so large, and the number of men who have it relatively so few, that it will be worth your while to send for this book, no matter what your position in business.

For your convenience a coupon is attached. Fill it in and the book will be mailed immediately, without obligation to you.

**Alexander Hamilton Institute**  
683 Astor Place, New York City

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without obligation.



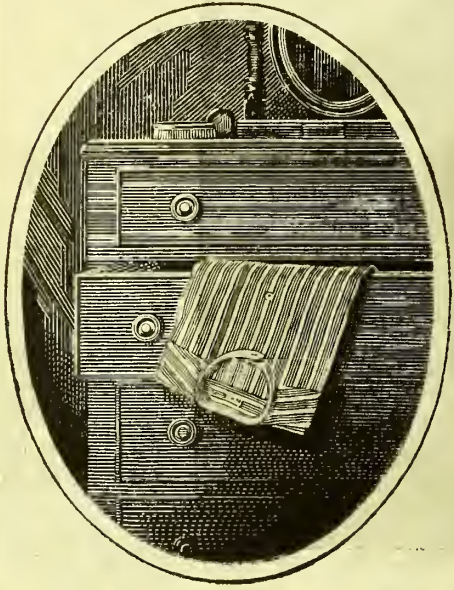
Name.....  
Business.....  
Address.....

Print here

Business.....  
Position.....

Canadian Address, C.P.R. Building, Toronto; Australian Address, 42 Hunter Street, Sydney





## *A neckband of comfort*

Shirt satisfaction is based on something more than style and fit and fine materials. Wilson Bro's recognize this fact. That's why they look to the little things as well; to the neckband, for example. It is cut from a special webbing and pre-shrunk. That makes it firm without starching, and insures a comfortable fit even after the fiftieth tubbing

## *Wilson Bro's*

Show this page to your local dealer, after you have checked off the things you need in this list of Wilson Bro's products:

HOSE  
SHIRTS  
PAJAMAS  
UNDERWEAR

BELTS  
CRAVATS  
NIGHTSHIRTS  
HANDKERCHIEFS

GARTERS  
MUFFLERS  
SUSPENDERS  
KNIT GLOVES

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO



# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

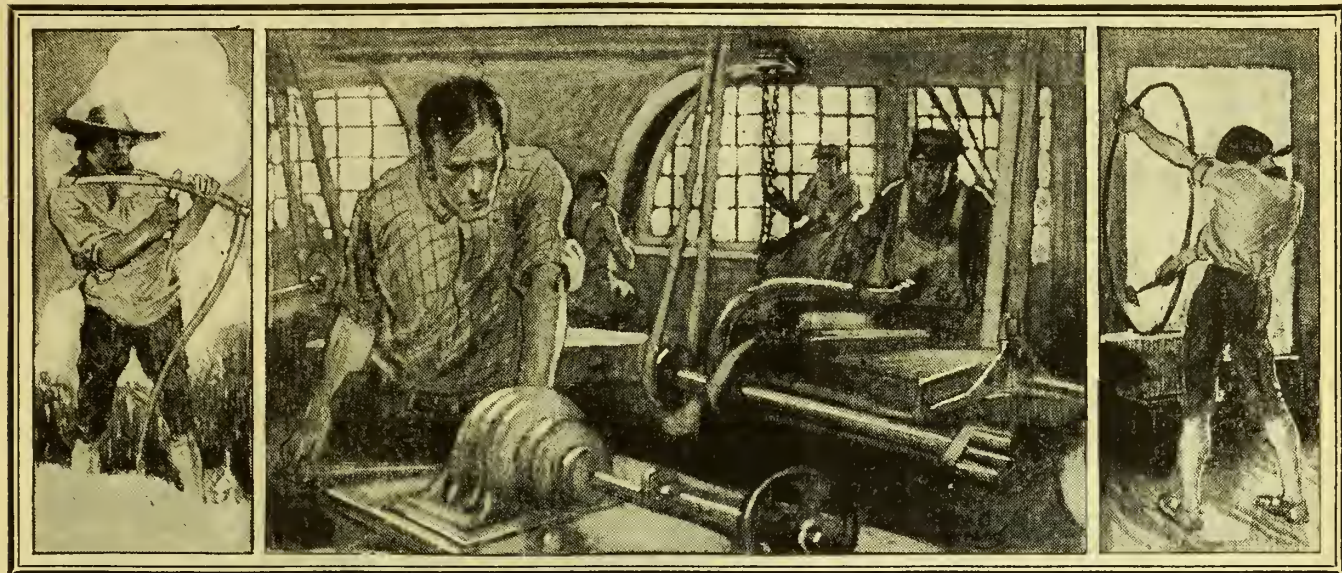
Published by the Legion  
Publishing Corporation.  
President, Alvin  
Owsley; Vice-President,  
James A. Drain;  
Treasurer, Robert H.  
Tyndall; Secretary,  
Lemuel Bolles.

EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES: 627 West 43rd Street, New York City

FEBRUARY 16, 1923

Copyright, 1923, by the Legion Publishing Corporation.

PAGE 5



**H**UMANITY is as hard at work as in the days before machinery. After a century of "uplift" and progressive organization of industry and after a world war for freedom, the average man is no better off than ever he was.

In 1915 a young fellow of forty, with his hair streaked with gray, said to me, "It's going to be a very rotten world for our generation but it will be paradise for our children. I'd like to be starting life as a young man just about the time this war is over."

"I think it will be the same old world," I hazarded.

"No," said he. "For by that time we shall have got rid of war. All the energy put into the business of fighting will be liberated for sheer human progress. And then machinery—why, machinery itself is trying to solve the whole human problem."

His eyes gleamed with vision.

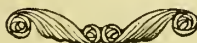
"Machinery and mechanical progress are going to rid the world of drudgery. Even in the war itself, look at the new German machines for digging trenches. It is almost pathetic that in the midst of all the machines for human self-destruction there should be that Boche contrivance for lessening the labor of digging."

"I expect the German idea is not the saving of labor but the saving of time," said I. "And the men not digging are on some other and worse fatigue."

My friend agreed. "That's the worst of war," said he. "It's inhuman right through. But in the peace after the war—I think we, or at least our children, will have a real chance. Without the burden of armaments and war menace, humanity will give a great leap forward, with all the labor-saving

## Machinery and the Golden Age

By Stephen Graham



machinery aiding. You'll see a five-hour day."

We parted. He went down in the war. His son, too, was badly wounded. But I often think of him and of the good time he predicted for "the children of those who fought."

I saw the chimneys of industrial Germany smoke up after the war, and the first effort of our ex-enemy to solve all her problems by a vast output of cheap goods. Every hand in Germany went to work; even the handles were working, even the war-spent and the cripples, and all more or less on a starvation wage. I was also in America and witnessed the turbulent return of industrialism from war footing to peace footing, with the great steel strike of 1919 and all the other strikes. And then in England last year—the appalling trade "depression" with a million unemployed, and everyone, with or without money feeling as mean as the conditions warranted.

The soldiers said, "We won't go back to the old conditions," and when

they came out of uniform tens of thousands went in for a real good time, as long as their gratuities lasted. After that, they were on the lookout for nice easy jobs with plenty of spare time and high wages. And how great has been their disillusion!

With all the disability, be it of broken limb or shattered nerves or weakened powers, which war experience brought, they have had to seek to earn their bread in a more difficult world. Back to the mines, working harder on inferior seams! Back to the glare of the furnaces and the molten metal of the iron works, back to the maddening monotony of the mill! And at the end of the day the man has thought: "They get the last ounce

out of me, they give me 'the economic wage,' and when a war comes they make me fight. What does it amount to? What am I working and fighting for? Is it life, is it more happiness? Is it for my children?"

He feels baffled. Maybe he finds religion and gets converted, and is thus quieted in that rest of the spirit which comes with the idea of a happy immortality. Or he becomes the victim of the Red stump orator who tells him that the world is all wrong—which he can see already—and that the real cure for all the wrong is "Socialism," that blessed word for another, any other, way of running the world. Or, if he does not become evangelized and does not join the Reds, he most likely becomes just a steady, bitter, patient striker. There lies the true inward secret motive for the strikes. It is true that union officials and politically-minded labor leaders use their authority, but would a strike last long if it was genuinely unpopular with the in-

(Continued on page 26)



# The Racing Pulse

By J. C. Royle

Illustrations by

DeAlton Valentine



**R**EPEATER TOWNLEY stumbled out of the darkness of Old Man Stubblefield's tack room, staggered across the track, fell over the bottom board of the white-washed fence and plunged down into the cool long grass of the infield. His thin shoulders heaved as he fought for breath. For Repeater Townley was a lunger, and his disease was heavy upon him.

Repeater Townley was not only a lunger. He was a tout and an unsuccessful tout, which is a hard thing to say of any man. Luck was a strange bull dog to Townley. All he ever got was a growl and a show of teeth. If he clocked a fast morning trial, the horse was sure to be an odds-on favorite by afternoon. If his choice favored dry going, it always rained before post time. Once he had induced seven supposed strangers to bet each on a different horse in the same race, only to have three of them, including the winner, meet and compare notes before he could collect his share of the winning ticket.

The paroxysm that shook him gradually passed, and Repeater fell back like a wet rag. A groan escaped him, for Repeater had had a hard day—mentally and financially as well as physically. He had handicapped the fourth race beyond peradventure of a doubt, so he judged. Roamer was due to win the handicap. He was the class of the field, he was in with a light impost, he had a good boy up, and the stable was betting on him.

But the bettors could not see it. None would put a bet down on Roamer, none would stake him to make a bet on his own account. Finally, in desperation, he had pawned his last and dearest possession, which had given him his name, and put every cent of the proceeds on Roamer. Roamer had lost.

He had lost his repeater, his gold stop watch, the last proof that remained to him that he had once been of the

aristocracy of the saddle. Years before, Townley, the jockey, had piloted Arsenic to victory in the Burns and Waterhouse Handicap, the great Western four mile classic which once was a fixture of California winter racing. Arsenic's owner, plethoric of bankroll and joyous with victory, had presented the jockey with the finest stop watch he could buy.

**S**INCE then the watch, with its clear tinkling chimes for hour and minute, had been Repeater's closest confidant and companion. With the watch, his pulse and a clinical thermometer, he had checked every development of the disease that was racking him, in a vain effort to convince himself that the doctors were wrong. So regularly did he time his symptoms with the rise of temperature and change of pulse at certain hours that he could almost tell the time by the flutter of the artery in his thin wrist.

Tears started to Repeater's eyes and he laid his head mournfully on the ground, but he did not keep it there. His car had caught the slow thud of racing plates on the track surface, and as he peered up he saw a hooded and blanketed shape loom against the starlit sky. As the shadow drew nearer the half mile pole back of which Repeater lay, it resolved itself into four figures—two men, a horse and a boy.

"Panama," he breathed. "Three years old, with seven starts this meeting, and still a maiden. And they're going to give him a gum shoe trial."

He crawled cautiously closer as the boy was tossed lightly to the saddle.

"Panama," he breathed. "Three years old, with seven starts this meeting"

As the rider "tied himself on," knotting the reins of the racing bridle, Repeater caught a husky whisper.

"Warm him up around the turn and break him at the seven furlong pole. Brady will give me the flash from there. Take him the full five furlongs and let's see what he's got."

The horse broke into a gallop, and the man leaned against the fence watching him intently.

**C**URSES deep and heartfelt slid silently between Repeater's lips.

"I'll bet Burke and Powell have had that dog under cover all this meeting," he muttered. "Every out, he's either been left at the post or got off bad and couldn't untrack himself. Oh, gee, if I only had the old turnip. If I ever needed the old clock it's now. If they can win with that dog he'll be fifty to one sure."

To stifle the outburst of his chagrin, he set his lips against the flesh of his left wrist. Then slowly his jaw relaxed. He had felt the beating of his pulse against his trembling lip.

"By God, I can do it! I'll bet I can do it!"

He snatched down his left hand, while the fingers of his right groped for the tell-tale heart throb. His eyes sought eagerly for Panama. The white stocking on the near fore foot of the three-year-old twinkled plainly against the dark loam of the track, and he had



no difficulty in following the horse's progress. As the colt drew near the seven furlong pole, Repeater stiffened. A single gleam from an electric flashlight showed as the horse thundered past the white marker and struck his racing stride. Repeater began to count.

"First furlong better than twelve," he thought as the loam of the judge's stand cut off for a brief moment his view of the twinkling white foreleg. His lips continued to mouth, silently counting "fifteen, sixteen, seventeen" as the pulse vibrated like a beaten gong under his fingers.

"He's under twenty-four for the quarter." The tempo of the heart beats sent that message flashing to his brain. "At that rate old Panama will curl up and die in about another eighth."

He watched for Panama to falter, but as the horse slipped past the white post that marked the half mile of his journey he was running easily.

"Fifty-four, fifty-five," whispered Repeater, counting off the heart beats. "Half in forty-seven and a shade, I should judge it."

A thrill ran through him as he realized fully for the first time that this was no ordinary trial that he was watching.

Panama pounded down the back stretch without falter, his stride lengthening as his rider lifted him into the last furlong. Repeater's fingers were glued tight to his left wrist. "Seventy," he counted, and estimated with narrowed eyes the distance between Panama and the finish post.

The waiting figure across the track gathered up the blanket and ran quickly down the track to where the boy had pulled up and dismounted. He threw the covering hastily over the sweating withers and silently led the horse into the darkness.

"Five furlongs in fifty-nine or less," Repeater sighed happily. "Oh, boy, what he won't do to them mutts in the third race tomorrow, and what Burke and Powell won't do to the books! It ain't a killing. It's going to be a massacre, and I'm in on it!"

The cough he had suppressed so long shook him to his heels. He groaned aloud, not from the paroxysm, but with the realization that he was penniless.

"I got to be in on it." The husky whisper rang with savage determination. "It's my last chance. I got to be in on it if I have to take a piece of lead pipe and do murder for enough to put down a bet. I got to get me a live one and get him down for the bankroll. I got to get me a live one, 'at's all."

Slowly Repeater scrambled to his feet and dragged his shaken little body back to Old Man Stubblefield's tack room.

## II

**DISCONSOLATELY** Repeater Townley shuffled across the lobby of the Culinan Hotel. Innocent of carfare, he had begged a ride from the track to the city on a market truck. Tirelessly he had sought out every race track habitué, every player of the ponies that he knew or had ever heard of. He had talked as

he had never talked before. Deperately he had pleaded the certainty of his sure thing. But the bettors had passed him up, one and all, even the pikers.

They had laughed when Repeater told them how he had timed the midnight trial, and the laugh grew to a hoot as they skimmed over the racing chart and revealed the record of Panama's seven starts and seven finishes far behind the leaders.

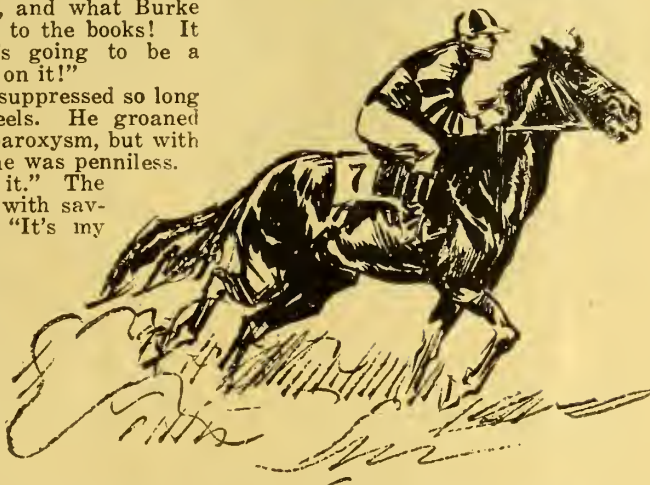
"If money was water pouring out of a busted pipe, I couldn't find enough blotting paper to sop up a dime," reflected Repeater morosely. "I don't know but one chance left, and that's Big Joe. An' I'd just as soon carry sweet tidings to a rattlesnake."

"Where's Big Joe Rose?" Repeater stopped a passing bookmaker of his acquaintance with the query.

"Over in the Sultan Turkish Baths gettin' boiled out. You better lay off Joe with any touch this mornin', though. Applegate and Tip Rule put him over the jumps playin' stud last night. They took enough off him to make J. P. Morgan jealous. There ain't no more harm in Joe this mornin' than in a cage full of tigers."

His heart sank as he lagged slowly to the Sultan Baths. For Joe Rose capitalized having people hate him, and he had a lot of capital. He owned an interest in several books and pool rooms, and believed that if you made a man mad enough he would give you some advantage. However, he had been known to pay for information if it were true and timely.

Repeater found Rose stretched on a couch in the cooling room with a cup of black coffee beside his aching head.



"Don't cough on me, you lunker," was the characteristic greeting he received. "What the hell do you want busting in here?"

Repeater sidled nearer the couch, twisting his cap in his hands nervously.

"Look, Joe," he began. "A hoss turned five furlongs in better'n fifty-nine late last night in the dark, and nobody knows it but me and the guys what owns him. He's entered today, and he'll be a long price. I want you to get aboard yourself and put a little bet down for me. It ain't only goin' to be



Repeater sidled nearer the couch, twisting his cap in his hands nervously

a hog killing—it's going to be a barbecue with all the trimmings."

A momentary gleam of interest lit in Rose's close set eyes.

"What horse?"

"Will you put a ten-dollar bet down for me if I tell you?" countered Repeater.

"How do you know any horse worked five-eighths better than fifty-nine?"

"I seen him," answered Repeater simply.

"You seen him!" Heavy scorn weighted the words. "I know you hocked that bald-faced tucker you're so fond of showing around and lost every cent yesterday. How do you know how fast he worked?"

"I clocked him by countin' my pulse," answered Repeater defensively. "I can do it, too," he added, as a spasm of laughter shook the leather couch where the bookmaker lay.

"When did you join the light artillery and take to shooting yourself in the arm with the little gun?" he queried. "I'm tired of listening to your hop dreams. Come on, now! What's the horse you say got a midnight trial?"

"Panama," Repeater yielded the name weakly as hope passed from him. A breath of relief escaped Rose. He was vitally interested in the third race, and was convinced he had arranged the satisfactory running thereof, but Panama's possibilities had been discounted long before.

"You rat!" he snarled. "You couldn't move Panama five furlongs in fifty-nine if he was tied behind a railroad train with roller skates on. I wouldn't lay a bet for you that George Washington was dead. Take your pipe dream by the tail and drag it out of here. I'm tired of you."

"But, Joe," Repeater was pleading desperately now. "He's only packing a hundred and eight pounds. They're goin' to win with him, and they're goin' to rap every poolroom in the country. If you lay off Panama in your books and go down the line on him you'll make the cleaning of the year. It's my last chance, Joe. The doc says if I don't get out to Arizona the T. B. will get me sure. And it's my last chance to win the price to get there. If you don't put a bet down for me, loan me five bucks, and I'll pay it back sure. I tell you I got to have a bet down on that race."

"Can it." Rose hoisted himself to one



elbow. "I wouldn't lend you a lead nickel. I don't care how soon you creak, and I'll help the old con along by kicking you up the stairs if you don't get out of here."

A SPASM of coughing shook the little tout, and Rose shoved him roughly against an adjoining couch.

"Damn you," he said. "I told you not to cough on me."

"Go a little easy there." The words came from the adjoining couch whose occupant had been nursing a fizzy drink and listening lazily.

"Where do you horn in on this?" demanded Rose. "What's this rat to you?"

"Nothing," answered his neighbor. "But you are annoying me, and I don't like to be annoyed." He turned to face the gambler, and Rose recognized him at once.

Possibilities opened before him, and his lip lifted in his regular business sneer.

"You seem strangely interested, and I don't wonder. You're Mr. Dick Parks, aren't you? The son of the man who owns all the railroads and steamships around here? Well, Mr. Parks, if you're so touched by his tale of woe, why don't you back Panama for him?"

"You keep your hands off him," Parks snapped. "Whether his tip is any good or not he's not doing you any harm. A self-respecting microbe wouldn't light on you. I don't intend to see anybody

his size mauled around, especially by you. As for putting a bet down for him, maybe I will!"

"Now you said something," Rose hung a mental medal on his system. "Well, I'm a bookmaker. I'll lay you twenty to one against Panama, all you want of it."

"I'll take a hundred of that."

"Only a hundred? I never heard before that you were a piker, Mr. Parks."

"Make it five hundred," said Dick softly. There was a look in his eye which Rose did not like, and the gambler arose hastily and gathered his sheet about him.

"You'll find me on the block in the ring this afternoon," he announced as he started out. "I'll give you your ticket then. Your finger is good with me, Mr. Parks."

Dick grinned ruefully into his empty glass.

"Well, kid, you got your bet down," he said to Repeater. "You get ten percent if it wins, but I wouldn't make my Pullman reservations for Arizona yet if I were you. I'll see you at the track. What's your name?" Repeater told him.

"Have you had breakfast this morning?"

"I didn't have time," answered Repeater shamefacedly.

Dick called to a passing rubber.

"George, tell the cashier to give this boy two dollars out of my box and put

in a slip for the same amount for yourself. You probably have cost me five hundred dollars, but what I wanted last night was to be brought back to life, and you got me live enough to get mad, anyhow."

### III

REPEATER stood under the runway to the grandstand, where he commanded a view of both entrances to the track. When Dick's runabout rolled through the gate, he was at the running board before it reached the parking space behind the clubhouse.

"Gee, Mr. Parks!" he panted. "I thought you wasn't coming. They're just goin' to the post for the second race."

"What's the matter? Has your good thing dropped dead, or have they scratched him?" Dick grinned companionably at the anxious little tout.

"Nothin' like that, M. Parks. Panama is right on edge. Fedor will have the mount, and he's as good a jock as there is on this man's track. Panama is going across sure."

Dick unbuttoned his dust coat and peeled off a roll of bills.

"You run over to the betting ring and give Rose this five hundred and get the ticket. I don't want Rose or any other bookmaker to hold a marker of mine. I'll meet you at the gate to the club inclosure before the race."

Repeater seized the roll and darted  
(Continued on page 24)

By Herbert Hoover

Secretary of Commerce

## Washington the Engineer

GEORGE WASHINGTON was one of the world's truly great soldiers, yet, like most of the A. E. F., he was primarily a civilian. In fact, only eleven of the sixty-seven years of his life were spent as a soldier. By profession he was an engineer, and in that calling, as a surveyor on the frontier of Virginia, he developed in early life many of the strong characteristics which stood him and his country in such good stead in later years. It was as a surveyor that he earned his early livelihood, and by taking much of his pay for his services in land he laid a basis for some of his later fortune. In the comparatively quiet period of his life, which began after his marriage and continued until the American Revolution began to threaten, Washington, by close attention to and careful management of his growing estate, did much for the proper development of agriculture as an industry in his home State.



On his return to private life after the Revolution, Washington again gave much attention to engineering problems. He had long been interested in and given much thought to the question of canal construction for, great statesman that he was, he realized that if the Middle West and the then frontier country were to be brought into productivity, cheap transportation to the seaboard must be provided. He was largely responsible for the conception which led to the construction of the Cumberland, or, as it was called in Washington's time, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, which was designed by Washington to provide an outlet to the seaboard across the Alleghenies from the Ohio. Although this plan was never carried through, the con-

struction of the canal from Georgetown to Cumberland gave an outlet to a large area in four States. The Erie Canal, which Washington proposed jointly with DeWitt Clinton, connected the Hudson River with Lake Erie and provided an outlet to the seaboard for the transportation of the whole Great Lakes area. It was, in fact, the construction of the Erie Canal which assured the development of the State of New York and gave the early impetus to New York City. Neither of these great canals was completed in the lifetime of Washington, but it was his vision and the solid knowledge acquired by him as an engineer and soldier on the frontier which opened the way for their realization, thus spurring American development on its westward course.

The other outstanding engineering achievement of George Washington was the planning of the city of Washington, in which problem he engaged the assistance of Major l'Enfant. Washington largely dominated the planning of the city and thus provided as the capital of the United States a city possessing more character, convenience and beauty than any other of our American cities.

Without detracting from the value of the experience gained by Washington as a soldier in the French and Indian Wars, we must also give credit to his training and experience as a surveyor and engineer for contributing much to that precision of mind and thought and the intimate knowledge of American resources which characterized his more prominent service to his country.



# Eight Thousand Miles Through Red Russia

III. Perm,  
the Capital of Misery

By Edmund J. Maguire



© Underwood and Underwood

Women workers in the mines at Nadajenski Zavod, the great Russian iron center, and the destination of Mr. Maguire's unit of the Kuzbas group



A typical refreshment stand at a small station on the Trans-Siberian Railroad

[This is the third instalment of Mr. Maguire's account of his adventures as a member of the Kuzbas group which set out from America in the hope of establishing a colony in Siberia. The first two parts of his narrative described his journey to Russia and his experiences in Petrograd, where he remained several days before leaving for Perm en route to Nadajenski Zavod, where, with one group of the colonists, he planned to work in the immense iron mills. The present instalment describes his experiences in Perm and his arrival in the big iron center.—EDITOR'S NOTE.]

I WANT to repeat the closing sentences of my last article. Here they are:

"If I were asked to name the spot on earth most like Dante's Inferno, it would be Perm. This town, in the foothills of the Ural Mountains, is the junction point of all travel in Russia. The railroad to the south leads to Moscow, to the west to Petrograd, and to the east to Siberia. All Russia is traveling—coming from nowhere in particular and going nowhere—just traveling in the hope that somewhere they will find refuge from their misery.

These poor refugees pour into Perm from every direction, and so the town is the very capital of the greatest center of misery on earth."

I thought we had seen suffering to about the limit of human endurance in Petrograd and at the little towns through which we passed on our three weeks journey to Perm. But Petrograd was a paradise in comparison. I shall never forget the sight which greeted our eyes as our box car special pulled into the station.

The station at Perm is a large and rather imposing structure which once had been painted white. It is located some distance from the town itself, and, since there were no living quarters near, the five hundred or more men, women and children from the train were jammed into the station and overflowed on to the platform and the open spaces about. It was in the midst of the rainy season, and the earth for a long distance in each direction was churned into a sea of mud by the tramping of many feet.

On one side of the station was a broad field where a dozen bonfires were kept burning and about each was a group, huddled in the mud trying to

keep warm in the cold drizzle. In front was a broad cement platform, so filled with people that you could scarcely pick your way through them. Most of them were lying down or sitting on the cold, hard pavement because they had not the strength to stand. At one end of the platform was a wooden shack in which a big tank of water was kept heating. Outside was a trough and spigots from which one could draw the hot water. All of the railroad stations in Russia are similarly provided. Each traveler carries a tea pot and some tea, and at each station all get off and fill their pots with hot water.

The station itself was crowded to suffocation. Once I took refuge inside from a downpour of rain and the stench was so terrible that I had to leave immediately. The floor inside was covered with people too weak to leave. Some of them, I am sure, were dead.

Near the station a hospital train was side-tracked, and as each train pulled in those who could no longer help themselves were taken off by attendants and put on the hospital train. Behind the train was a row of shacks that formed the market place, where food might be bought by those who had plenty of



money. While we were being switched to another track some of the colonists got off and walked along a freight platform across the tracks from the station. At one end of the platform I saw a smokestack protruding from the ground and I noticed what appeared to be a bombproof dugout, such as we had used in France. I was standing near the entrance discussing its possible purpose with one of the women of our party, when two women walked across the tracks from the hospital train bearing a stretcher. On it was the naked body of a young girl, thrown on so carelessly that an arm and a leg dangled to the ground.

Cold chills of horror ran down my spine. The two women opened the door of the dugout and walked inside with their gruesome burden. I looked in the open door. The dugout was literally filled with dead bodies. I soon learned that the dead from about the station and from the trains that came in were first stripped of their clothing (even rags were too precious to be buried) and the bodies then dumped into this hole. Every two or three days when forty or fifty bodies had been thus collected, they were carted away and buried.

While we were still standing there two little children, a boy and a girl about six years old, came over to us. They said nothing, but just stood staring at us. Have you ever seen a starving child? Their little bony bodies, ill-concealed by a few rags, and their sunken cheeks seemed to emphasize their great dark eyes. They seemed to be all eyes. And everywhere one goes in Russia those big haunting, appealing eyes of little starving children follow. You can never escape them. Literally it is impossible to take a bite of bread without doing it in the presence of a little child who may die tomorrow for lack of that bite. When you have finished eating, there is always a crowd of children to scramble after the crumbs that fall from the table. Many times I have been so hungry that I could enjoy even the villainous black bread which is almost the only article of food to be had, but have given my share to the children.

And so when these two little ones came over to us at the station I ran down to the kitchen car and managed to get a loaf of black bread without being seen. Those two children literally tore the loaf to pieces and crammed it down their throats.

We walked back to the cars and saw a woman in

tears on her knees before a group of our "comrades." She was ignored. I asked one of the men what the trouble was.

"The woman wants bread," he said. "She has offered to slave for us if we will feed her. Let her work if she wants bread."

Again I made a raid on the kitchen car, but this time one of the Finns saw me leaving with the loaf and came running after me.

"What's the big idea?" he shouted.

"Just watch me and see," I said, and I deliberately walked over to the woman and handed her the loaf. By this time I was seeing red, and I think if that Finn had come on there would have been one less in our party. But evidently he sensed my humor, for he stopped his rush short, looked at me a moment, grunted his disgust and walked away. They locked up the bread after this incident.

The next day the greater part of the group of a hundred colonists with which

I had sailed from America pulled out of Perm for the mines at Kemerovo, Siberia. That is the last I heard or saw of them, excepting indirectly, but even after their brief experience in Russia they were already a sorry crowd. A few were such fanatical communists that they apparently did not even see the horrors a practical demonstration of their creed had brought about. But I am sure that fully three-fourths of them would have given a good right arm to have been headed back toward America instead of to a Siberian mine at that moment.

The twenty of us who were selected as "industrial reinforcements" for the great iron works at Nadajenski Zavod were left at Perm with four freight cars in which we were to complete our journey. But the trip ahead of us lay through the mountains, and the ordinary wood burning locomotives used on the Russian railroads were not powerful enough for the journey. So we had to stay in Perm three days longer until a suitable locomotive could be found.

Most of the time we stayed in our cars. They were dirty and lousy by this time, but infinitely better than the station or the surrounding territory. Once I walked to the town of Perm, about five muddy miles away. The city had once been the prosperous center of a great grain-growing and farming region. Now it was almost totally deserted. About the only persons to be seen were a few Red guards, patrolling some of the factories. The factories, of course, were closed. Many of the buildings were without roofs, and I doubt if there was a whole pane of glass in the whole city.

We were glad, indeed, when at last our four box cars were attached to a train and we began the final three days' journey. We were all anxious to see Nadajenski Zavod, for the Kuzbas representatives in America had told us wondrous tales of the place and its possibilities. Before the revolution, I believe, it was the largest iron works in Russia, employing thousands of men. It was included in an enormous concession (so I believed), granted to a group of Americans, of whom I had found Big Bill Haywood the leading spirit. The Russians are a very backward people, and we were to bring to the great factory American methods of management and efficiency.

Therefore, in spite of the fact that we were disgusted and sick at what we had seen of

(Continued on page 28)

## I Wonder

By Steuart M. Emery

I WONDER if it's changed much in a land across the sea,  
A land we roved about in days when breeches were O. D.  
That quaint and cobbled village square—along the paths  
of time

I hear the washing paddles thud, the cracked old church  
bell chime,  
The outraged tones of Gallic hens who romped beneath the  
feet

Of evenings when the company lined up to hold retreat.  
"Atten-shun! . . . Sergeant, call the roll!"—the winter sun  
goes down

Again behind the low brown hills that gird a drowsy town.

I wonder how they're getting on—those folks we used to  
know.

We hailed them all as neighbors once, it seems so long ago.  
Does Madame Julie still preside behind her café bar  
And beam upon the purchasers of muscat and of marre?  
Pierre, the crier of the ville, portentous soul and stout,  
What has he now to strain his lungs or beat a drum about?  
Toute la famille beneath whose roof we parked our packs  
and pans

I wonder if they ever think of wild Americans?

I wonder if papa still wears with his accustomed vim  
The socks of sister's handiwork we passed along to him.  
Maman, despite the march of years and all her household  
frets,  
Must be her old and skilful self at "stek" and omelettes;  
I rather think Marie has wed her poilu who came back  
And keeps a little store whose sign reads always "Pas  
tabac."

And Henri, aged a trustful ten, who went to bed with wails  
I fear today would sniff with scorn at Yankee fairy tales.

Oh, well, the tempus fugits—that's not French, but means  
"Time flies,"

They ought to be in normalcy beneath those foreign skies.  
Through cold Decembers, black with mud, through merry  
sunlit Mays

A little red-roofed village now can dream along its days.  
The shepherd and his barking dog in peace can drive their  
flocks

And cows can nose where billets were without the fear of  
rocks,

The sabots click instead of hobs with mighty crash and  
roar

But something tells me there'd be smiles if we came back  
once more.



# Ask Dad—

# He Knows

**M**AYBE there was just a little touch of wistfulness in his voice when he said, "Well, son, it was quite a war and I s'pose I'll be in bed before you finish fighting it through again. So—good night, boy." But you never could be sure. More likely than not he was hidden behind the evening paper, and it was left to you to guess that perhaps he'd as soon have you around the house—that somehow he felt himself altogether on the outside so far as this big new interest of yours was concerned.

It hadn't been his war, and it wasn't his Legion. He hadn't known the mud of France, or the seasickness of patrol-boat life. He hadn't worn the uniform or shouldered the rifle. His had been the obscure glory of the buyer of Liberty Bonds, the payer of taxes, the settler of bills. Romance had passed him by; the Great Experience hadn't been for him.

Mother and sister hadn't been on the firing line, either, of course, and yet the Legion wasn't to be the mystery to them that it was to father. They soon had their part in activities as members of the Auxiliary, had their share of good times that were going forward while father sat there alone.

Of the whole family father was the one left on the outside looking in. It wouldn't be fair to say he'd been intentionally slighted; it simply hadn't occurred forcibly to the hundreds of thousands of father's sons who make up The American Legion that he might have the same interest in their organization he used to have in their triumphs and upsets as youngsters. So it was that father's days on the outside ran into months, and the months into years. But those days and months and years are alike over. He has discovered the Legion and the Legion has discovered him—and Dad's on the inside now. And a mighty fine thing all around that mutual discovery and recognition is proving.

Since the formation of Fathers' Auxiliaries was authorized and recommended officially at the New Orleans convention the "Ask Dad" movement has been spreading through the Legion veritably—to borrow the homely and apt phrase of one dad in Kansas—like sorghum molasses on a hot hoe cake. At this moment there is probably not



## And He Isn't Going to Be Left Out in the Wet Any Longer

By David Frisbie

a single State which has not already a number of the new auxiliaries functioning and many more in various stages of organization.

Dad, it seemed, had just been waiting for an invitation to come on in. His response here, there and everywhere was immediate and enthusiastic. He'd been proud of his soldier son—proud as Punch—when he stood watching his re-treating back through a mist the weather man hadn't given warning of; proud of the letters that came from fore-castle and trench; proud and grateful, too, when son came back with that new look of purpose on his face and hard as nails, climbed out of uniform and picked up the thread of the old civilian life as near as might be to the place where he'd dropped it. And prouder yet was Dad when the Legion opened its arms to him. You bet he wanted in!

If you stop to figure it out, as Dad has figured it out for himself by this time, there couldn't very well have been any Legion—or any Army, for that matter—if there hadn't been some millions of indomitable Dads to finance the homes and raise the boys who as men were to deal the death blow to the autocracy of the iron fist.

So, seeing that it was Dad who in the last analysis provided Uncle Sam with the soldiers and the sinews of war, it would have been safe to assume at any time that in Dad the greatest of all organizations growing out of the war would have a powerful ally. The Legion's ally Dad has been, but of necessity a more or less passive ally. Now, as a member of the Dads' Auxiliary, he is putting his time and his money and the weight of his not inconsiderable influence in the community solidly behind every cause for which the Legion stands. Organization has made him a factor to be reckoned with.

Dad's Auxiliaries are strictly local institutions. There are no state federations and no national board of control. Dad's work for the Legion and for America is being

done where he fought the war—in the home town. That's where his words command big attention, where people know from personal experience that anything he's for is pretty sure to be all right for everyone.

If the only effect of the new auxiliaries were to draw fathers and sons closer together, to give to them one more common interest, they would still be doing a lot for the nation. But Dad has turned out one of the finest Legion boosters you'd ever want to see. His wide dealings with men and affairs make him a first class adviser. Financially he's a big asset, not only because he cheerfully digs up the deficit when the boys themselves can't get together the money they need for a given purpose, but because he's been making one dollar do the work of two for so long a time that his suggestions for savings here and there are invaluable.

To keep anything like accurate track of Dad's activities for the Legion is impossible. There being no clearing house for information of that sort, we just get glimpses of him at work and at play with Son.

Out in York, Pennsylvania, we find a team of Dads proving to a team of Sons—under Legion auspices—that the old gentleman continues even at his advanced age to pitch a snakey quoit. Just a bit further west, in San José, California, we see Dad with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up corralling the dollars for a new post clubhouse.

(Continued on page 24)



# EDITORIAL



*For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.*

## Who's Getting the Money? Uncle Sam!

**W**ITHIN recent weeks the Department of Justice has brought numerous suits for recovery against war contractors, and grand juries have voted criminal indictments in several cases growing out of the performance of war contracts. In many instances the defendant corporations and individuals are contractors the profiteering or irregular nature of whose transactions were publicly revealed for the first time by *The American Legion Weekly*. In at least two instances suit has been brought to recover the exact amount the Weekly declared to have been paid the contractors in excess of just and lawful profits.

It is encouraging to be able to record this progress, especially in the light of conditions which confronted this magazine when early last summer it inaugurated the investigations which yielded the material for the series of articles entitled "Who Got the Money?" At that time prosecutions had been few and inconclusive, and for two years trustworthy evidence of wrongdoing by war contractors had lain unregarded in the files of the War Department and of the Department of Justice, accumulating the dust of official neglect. The Weekly was advised to leave the subject alone unless it cared to indulge in gratuitous sensationalism or to champion a lost cause which would only bring disappointment and embarrassment in the end.

But the Weekly, after a certain amount of study, decided to act otherwise, and subsequent developments seem to indicate that this decision was a fortunate one. The Weekly believes it has refrained from sensationalism merely for its own sake, and it does not feel that it has championed a lost or an unrighteous cause. The action of the New Orleans convention and the vigorous pronouncements of the National Commander have given new sinews to the Legion's demand for a reckoning with unscrupulous war contractors, and the action of the Department of Justice and the War Department indicates that the voice of a million men has not been unheeded.

It is, of course, a simple matter to bring suits. The courts are accessible to all, which is at the same time a good thing and a bad thing. Legal actions, and particularly public prosecutions, may be, and sometimes are, vacuous gestures. Just now there is a considerable propaganda in circulation to the effect that the Government's suits against war contractors are gestures—mere political demonstrations. The American Legion Weekly accepts such reports at heavy discount because it has been able to trace some of them to an interested—and accused—source.

While the Government may sue with ease it cannot obtain favorable verdicts that way unless it has the right kind of evidence. The fact, therefore, that the first of the Government's recent actions against a war contractor to be settled has resulted in a judgment in favor of the United States is significant and encouraging. The Weekly has published the particulars of the Government's claim against this contractor, the Lincoln Motor Company of Detroit. The Government sued for \$9,188,000, and seemed justified in asking for the return of that sum, although it was con-

ceded that the evidence supporting a large part of this claim was weak. The Federal District Court in Detroit awarded \$1,550,000. The amount is of less consequence than the fact that the Government's contention was sustained. This augurs well for several other cases in which the issues are similar.

The award of \$1,550,000 was a compromise, and is not intended to represent full reimbursement to the Government. The Lincoln Company has passed through a receivership since it made its war millions, and the transgressions of those who directed the company's affairs during the war fall now upon the heads of innocent creditors. If the Government was able to recover seventeen cents on the dollar on the Lincoln claim, it seems reasonable that it may recover much more on some other claims in which suits have been or should be brought. And while speaking in terms of dollars and cents it is worth while to add that, to date, the Attorney General's special activities against war contractors have cost less than \$500,000. Thus, having finished with Profiteer No. 1, Uncle Sam stands better than a million dollars to the good.

The outlook is heartening, because back of the Lincoln Motor Company stands a long waiting list.

## Not the Spirit

**B**EFORE this is read the Indiana Legislature will probably have decided whether or not Memorial Day in Indianapolis, the Legion's headquarters city, is to be restored to its true status as a real Memorial Day or is to continue to be Dollar Day.

The Indiana Legion says that the Indianapolis Motor Speedway Races do not constitute a fit observance of Memorial Day. The speedway races provide the finest possible example of that spirit of commercialization against which the whole Legion formally protested at New Orleans last fall.

If the bill which at this writing is before the Indiana Legislature shall have been passed when this comment appears and the races thus definitely removed from the Memorial Day calendar, well and good. Should the bill be defeated, the promoters of the speedway enterprise still have it within their power to change the date. Considering the question even from their own dollars-and-cents viewpoint, such action would assuredly be the part of wisdom.

## What's the Trouble, Doctor?

**H**ERE and there among the members of any large professional class there are invariably to be found unworthy individuals who fail to measure up to the standards set by their fellow-workers. It is inevitable that a few black sheep steal into the fold. Not even the highest of all vocations—that of spiritual leadership—is an exception. Certainly few will affirm that it is unusually difficult to find an occasional trained nurse who, for various reasons, is unfit to follow her splendid calling. But who is willing to agree—even partially—with the *Medical Review of Reviews* when, in a recent issue, it savagely attacks all women who have made nursing their life work? Assuredly those of us—especially those of us who served in France—who have been patiently led back to health and strength by kind women possessed of seemingly inexhaustible strength will resent intensely the slander in the *Review* when it says that the trained nurse

stands revealed now as she really is: a superlatively unpleasant person to have about. Robbed of the lightning in which the late hysteria engoldened her, she betrays herself—an ignorant woman, crammed to the gullet with false pride and the half-learned tricks of a menial trade, inconceivably coarse as to her mind and manners; in a word, a vulgarian. The nurse is so objectionable, so impossible a type, that one wonders why she is tolerated at all.

Such a ridiculous piece of unfounded criticism would never be given wider circulation in these columns were it not for the fact that it furnishes the Weekly an opportunity to voice the sentiment of the men who, during the war, in hospitals from California to Switzerland, learned how singularly blessed a woman can be when a man really needs her.



## Auto-Suggestion

By Wallgren





# My Greatest War Thrill

## When the "Chattahoochie" Sank



ON March 23, 1918, I was aboard the *Chattahoochie*, thirty miles off Land's End, England, and en route to Brest. At 9 p.m., I retired, after undressing only partially and laying my life

belt within easy reach at the foot of my bunk. I must have slept, for the next thing I knew I was being lifted clear out of my bunk by a crashing blast that made my blood run cold.

Almost before I could gather my senses I was on deck and drenched to the skin from the spray thrown up by the explosion. The decks were awash. Men were hurrying hither and thither, and some were frantically working on the life boats.

As my boat was not yet ready I decided to see what was taking place in the wireless room. The door and the window were both open, but there was no light except the weird intermittent gleam that flickered from the sparks of a busy wireless apparatus. Then I saw the operator's face. As he bent over the key with one foot braced against the sharp list of the ship he well knew the peril he was in, for his expression told the story more clearly than words, but he calmly sent out his S. O. S. calls, and he was still sending them when I was lowered over the side ten minutes later.

The water was rough, but we were in it only a short time, for a small British patrol boat presently picked us up. As

*When, where, and how did you get your greatest emotional wallop out of the late lamented guerre? Tell the Thrill Editor about it in as few words as you can—not over 300 anyway. Unavailable letters cannot be returned.*

I stepped aboard I was confronted by a smiling British tar who hospitably offered me a "bloomin' fag." About that time there came another resounding crash, and the *Chattahoochie*, with a three-million-dollar cargo on her, went plunging down toward the ocean's depths. As she began her descent, bow first, she made a picture that I shall never forget. The thrill that I got then will last until the day I die.—LESTER S. HUNT (formerly Q. M. 3 cl., U. S. N.), *Connersville, Ind.*

## His First (and Last) Airplane Ride

I HAD always longed to ride in an airplane. So one day while my organization was camped about twenty-five kilometers from Miramas I hopped an "8 chevaux 40 hommes" and went over to one of the French aviation fields. Without the slightest difficulty I found an instructor who would gladly give me a little air trip. In five minutes we were high above the earth. And—then the fun began! We did a loop. It gave me a very distinct thrill. We did another—of a slightly different variety. This time the thrill was a bit stronger. Then—oh, boy!—we did still another; and my heart did as many strange antics as the machine.

That was all; but it was enough. We did no more stunts, but came zooming down to good old mother earth. I got out, managed somehow to thank the aviator, and tried to saunter nonchalantly off just as though nothing had happened. I had had enough of flying.—HERMAN A. JACOT, *Greenwich, Conn.*

## Lost in Georgia

THERE are thrills and thrills. You don't have to go into battle to have one. The biggest one I ever got came to me when I was a private still in civvies—with a service record that covered exactly three days.

One fine August evening, at Camp Forrest, Georgia, while I was still wondering what it was all about, I left a movie and started for my barracks. It was exactly 9:15, and I had fifteen minutes to reach my bunk before taps. "Easy," I thought. But when the fatal call sounded I was still hiking—and the buildings about me were none that I had ever seen before. Mile after mile I stepped off, and still my new-found army home was not in sight. It was very dark, and only a few nocturnal wanderers were about. Those that I spoke to had never even heard of my organization. At 1:30 a.m., after walking steadily nearly four and a half hours, I concluded definitely that I was lost.

Frightened? Well, I guess I was! I was pretty green in those rookie days, and the vast divisional area—dark, silent, apparently deserted (though 30,000 men were in it)—suddenly became to me a sort of city of the dead. I was terrified.

At last, after having not once been challenged by a guard, a sentry hailed me and a corporal of the guard pounced

(Continued on page 23)



## In War and in Peace

*The Weekly asked former division commanders to contribute to the Thrill Department, and prints this week the response of the old C. G. of the Fourth Division.*

THE high-water mark of my combat activities came during the attack on the Bois des Loges. The task of taking the savagely defended position fell to my brigade, the 155th Infantry of the 78th Division. That the sector was a hot one is evidenced by the fact that on one occasion Major Segarra of the 309th Infantry went into the line with 31 officers and about a thousand men and came out five days later with three officers and 135 men. At my own P.C., behind Marcq, one shell-burst gave us eleven casualties. For a while, advancing with exposed flanks, it seemed as if we would lose our entire force from artillery and machine-gun fire. Thrilling days!

It was after I had been promoted and was in command of the Fourth Division that I experienced my greatest peace-time thrill—a very different experience. It came while I was riding behind our Big Chief in the grand review—the Victory Parade of the Allied troops in Paris, July 14th, 1919. The Fourth Division—a truly magnificent organization—contributed its quota of picked men.

The unrestrained, almost holy enthusiasm of the French people who looked on, adoring and happy, produced an exaltation of spirit that no one who was there can ever forget. That night, during a dinner at the Inter-allied Club, General Crawford of the British Army, one of my late neighbors in the Rhineland, turned to me and said, "I have something to tell you that will interest you."

"Yes?" I replied.

"Yes. General — (naming a French general) approached me today after the grand review and said, 'General Crawford, I want to congratulate you on the magnificent appearance of the British troops that marched down the Champs Elysées this morning. With the exception of the Americans, they were the finest of them all—of course nothing could touch them.'"

This generous tribute made the end of what was indeed a perfect day.—MARK L. HERSEY, *Brigadier General, U. S. A., Commanding 1st Coast Artillery District, Boston Mass.*



# 50

Good Cigarettes

10 ¢

from  
1 bag  
of

"Standard of the World"



GENUINE

# "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO



Guaranteed by  
*The American Tobacco Co.*  
INCORPORATED

— which means that if you don't like "BULL" DURHAM  
Tobacco you can get your money back from the dealer.





# \$120 to Europe

## Full-Cabin Passage on Swift, New U. S. Government Ships

IF YOU are going to Europe, be sure to investigate the new, swift, ships owned by your Government and operated by the United States Lines. Think of it—only \$120 full cabin passage to England—\$125 to Cherbourg! That includes every charge. Third class passage to England only \$85.

These ships are called "Ships of Democracy" since first and second class distinctions on them have been abolished. Compact, commodious, comfortable and safe, they have already become famous on the trans-Atlantic run. Their new names are President Monroe, President Adams, President Van Buren, President Polk and President Garfield.

You will be delighted with their quiet luxury and perfect service.

### Write today

Send the coupon below today for your Government's authoritative travel booklet and full information about the ships that offer these amazingly low rates.

#### INFORMATION BLANK

To U. S. Shipping Board  
Information Section Washington, D. C.  
U. S. R2252

Please send without obligation the U. S. Government Booklet giving travel facts and also information regarding U. S. Government ships. I am considering a trip to Europe ☐ to The Orient ☐ to South America ☐ I would travel 1st class ☐ 3rd ☐.

If I go date will be about \_\_\_\_\_

My Name \_\_\_\_\_

Business or Profession \_\_\_\_\_

My Street No. or R. F. D. \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## United States Lines

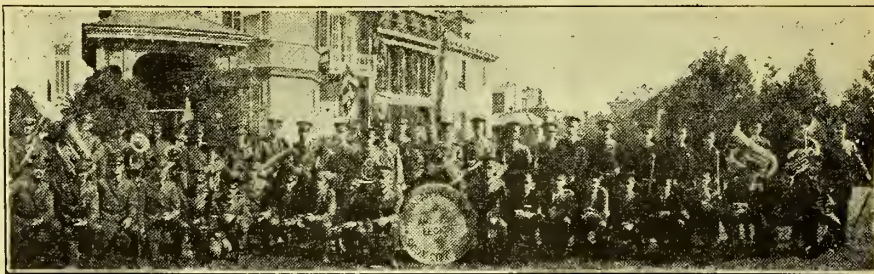
Moore and McCormack, Inc.  
Roosevelt Steamship Co., Inc.

45 Broadway New York City  
110 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.  
92 State St., Boston, Mass.

Managing Operators for

## U. S. SHIPPING BOARD

Information Section R2252 Washington, D. C.



Prize-winning band of Monahan Post of Sioux City, Iowa

## The Tall-Corn Tooters Bring Home the Bacon

THE building up of an American Legion band—particularly a prize-winning band—is not an overnight process. It means months of hard work, of rehearsals, of tryout concerts, of drill and, not least by any means, the hearty support of those post members who are not members of the band. But members of Monahan Post, Sioux City, Iowa, feel that their time and energy was well expended. Their band won first prize in the band contest at the Fourth National Convention in New Orleans, and they're generous enough to tip off other budding Sousas how they turned the trick.

The post feels that the victory was the product of intelligent and artistic direction and efficient business management, of enthusiastic support by the local Chamber of Commerce and by the citizens of Sioux City generally, and especially of persistent hard work by the fifty Legionnaires who make up the personnel of the band.

When the band idea first sprouted about two years ago less than a dozen men responded for the first call. Those responsible for the success of the project had an uphill battle to wage, but they stuck to it. More than once things looked so dark that the band was in danger of being broken up, but eventually around the nucleus of a few skilled musicians a well-rounded organization was developed.

Monahan Post advanced approximately a thousand dollars for band uniforms, music and instruments.

The post was lucky in having the services of Harry T. Johnson as band director. Comrade Johnson has had considerable experience in band work and during the war attended the school for band directors conducted in France by Walter Damrosch.

In the band contest at the Kansas City convention Monahan Post band, then only a year old, qualified for one-third of the third prize. This recognition raised the morale of the band members and gave the organization a reputation which made it in demand for public concerts.

Under the guidance of Band Manager Herman H. Koch a series of three concerts at Sioux City was scheduled during the winter. These concerts drew flattering comments from musical critics in the press and were so well attended that the money previously advanced by the post was entirely refunded.

With the advent of spring many requests came for open air engagements, revealing clearly the popularity of the

band. Besides playing for several Legion meetings and at celebrations of national holidays, the band was contracted for on fifteen other occasions, not including evening concerts at the Interstate Fair.

When the time for the New Orleans convention drew near another uphill battle had to be fought in order to raise the five thousand dollars necessary to pay the expenses of the fifty players on their three-thousand-mile round trip. The Chamber of Commerce started the fund by voting a donation of twenty-five hundred dollars. For awhile it appeared as though the other half of the sum needed could not be found.

Dr. A. J. McLaughlin came to the rescue with the suggestion that a boxing show be staged. This suggestion was favorably acted upon, a committee was speedily organized, pugilists were signed up, and the business men of the town were enlisted to help out in the sale of the tickets. When the fistic exhibition came off on October 12th the Auditorium was full of fight fans and the band treasury was full of the sinews of war.

For several weeks before the New Orleans contest the bandmen turned out once a week for drill work under the direction of former hard-boiled army drill sergeants. They marched and countermarched until they were confident that their drilling would at least equal their playing. When the band left for New Orleans its members and its backers were certain that it would take a darn good aggregation to beat the Sioux City entant.

Through winning the contest Monahan Post band received one thousand dollars in prize money offered by the city of New Orleans, a silver cup and a gold cornet presented by the C. G. Conn Company and valued at five hundred dollars and six hundred dollars respectively, and a silver snare drum, the gift of the Leedy Company, valued at two hundred dollars.

## Outfit Reunions and Notices

CONTRIBUTIONS for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

U. S. S. PLATTSBURG. Third annual reunion of crew, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, March 17th, 7 p. m. Address Benjamin H. Jacobs, 269 Monroe st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

136TH INFANTRY, 34TH DIVISION. Former members are requested to send present addresses to former Chaplain Ezra C. Clemans, Owatonna, Minn.

29TH ENGINEERS. Regimental reunion, Feb. 21th, Continental Hotel, Washington, D. C. Address Capt. R. T. Evans, U. S. Geological Survey, Washington.



# DURING THE GREAT WAR

**T**HE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY advised the soldiers and sailors, both by public advertisement and by private correspondence to take the Government War-Risk Insurance and to **keep it up after the war was over.**

The argument was conclusive—no private company could compete with the taxing power, which paid no taxes itself, but paid by taxation expenses of administration and the mortality in excess of the table rate. A great host was insured, and the families of men who lost their lives in the service were provided for by the best method ever devised for that purpose.

**That was because it was the Life Insurance method,—**

which is scientific, business-like and fair to all. It was the proper thing for the Government to assume the extra war-risk and cost of administration, in the name of the people for whose defense the soldiers and sailors went forth to fight.

## IN THESE TIMES OF PEACE

Ex-service men face the same problem in a new form. If you have allowed your War-Risk Insurance to lapse beyond possibility of revival, your recourse must be to private companies. **But you can better afford to pay its cost in a private company out of present income than you could afford to pay the war cost out of war income.** The family is still there and probably larger than before. The risk is still there—not the war risk, but

## THE PEACE RISK

Mortality statistics published in "The American Legion Weekly" of December 15, 1922, show that from April 1, 1917, to December 31, 1919, battle-deaths were 50,399, and non-battle deaths 63,710, a total of 114,109. The adjustment of these mortality statistics to the number of men exposed, their ages and length of service, has not yet been published, but we know from the mortality experienced under Government War-Risk Insurance policies that the risk was just about *four times the table rate.*

An ex-service man who was one year in the service will therefore be under about the same risk of death during the next four years that he was during his one year in the army. **That is the risk you need to insure against now.**

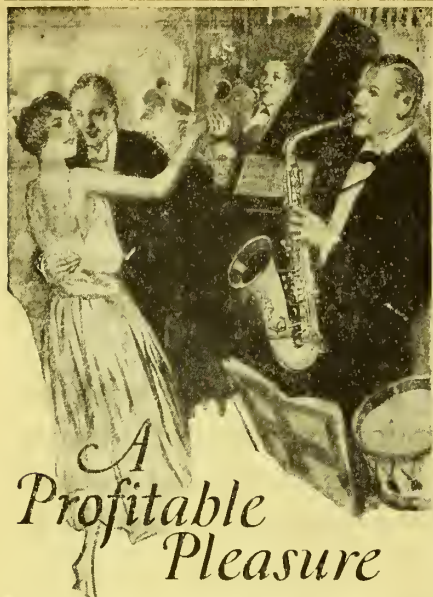
When you helped to win the War you did your duty to your Country. You covered the risk as well as you could by Life Insurance. You protected your family as well as you could by Life Insurance. Duty to your family remains in time of peace. The hazard is real. Cover it in the same way.

Do your full duty again. Insure again.

**New York Life Insurance Co.**

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, *President*





CONN instruments place a world of pleasure, unnumbered opportunities for profit, at your command. For two-score years they have been recognized supreme by the world's greatest artists in concert bands, symphony, opera and popular orchestras.

Exclusive features make Conns easier to play. The most celebrated artists, including the great Sousa, use and endorse them because Conns are *more perfect in tune and tone, have more reliable action, are easier to blow, more perfectly balanced, artistically designed and finished.*

More Conn saxophones are sold than any other make in the world. Simplified key system, patented tuning device, perfect scale, and many other exclusive improvements make them the choice of the

Paul Biese of Chicago, (top) and Max Fisher of Los Angeles, (bottom) are among the popular orchestra directors who endorse Conn instruments.



great "jazz" kings. You want the best; be sure you get a Conn.

**FREE TRIAL, EASY PAYMENTS.** Send now for information on how to get any Conn instrument for trial in your home. Conn is the only manufacturer of the complete instrumentation of a band.

Highest Honors at World Expositions. All Exclusive Conn Features at No Greater Cost.

Dealers and agents throughout the country. Factory branches in many large cities.

**C. G. CONN, Ltd.**  
203 Conn Bldg.  
Elkhart, Ind.



CULTIVATE YOUR MUSICAL BUMP

# Keeping Step with the Legion

## A Few Answers

A FEW weeks ago we asked a question:

"How do you think a post ought to celebrate Memorial Day?"

That isn't the question exactly, but it's the subject matter. We had an idea about planting trees and asked about that, too. We wondered if we'd start a riot. So far there has been no particular riot, but there has been some diversity of opinion. Lee J. Stoneman of el Reno (Okla.) Post, struck the neutral tone, and to his letter we give precedence as probably the most typical:

For Memorial Day I suggest that posts have a parade of all the old soldiers—the Grand Army, Spanish War veterans and all of them. They should march to the church or the cemetery or to some spot agreed upon to listen to speeches. Certainly they might plant trees. They should also decorate graves. (That is the prime necessity of the program.) And they should find on every Memorial Day some further cause of dedication. A memorial monument, or building—something erected to the memory of the dead veterans—would best be dedicated on Memorial Day.

The fact that Mr. Stoneman does not advocate athletics or any other form of joyous diversion on Memorial Day does not necessarily mean that he is opposed to lighter features which may be introduced. But many do, and a good case for the opposition is made out by A. R. Hulbut, publicity officer of J. Burt Pratt Post of Virginia, Minn. Mr. Hulbut starts off by taking a fall out of myself—and we admit we deserve it. Here's what he says:

First let me suggest that we use the term *observe* instead of *celebrate*, as the latter word also means "observe with joy," which is not quite appropriate when used with Memorial Day, and sometimes gives people the wrong impression as to how the day should be carried out. In fact, I know of Legion posts who believe a dance is the best way fittingly to observe this famous day.

Our post in Virginia has always carried out a fitting program on this day, beginning with a parade, followed by exercises in the school auditorium, to which the public is invited, composed of sacred music, benedictions and invocations by local ministers, and a prominent outside speaker. Last year we did the above in addition to transferring a departed buddy's body from another part of the cemetery to the Legion plot, where fitting ceremonials were held, attended by the Legion and Auxiliary and school children. The Auxiliary has heretofore made all wreaths for the decoration of graves.

This year we expect to plant thirty-five trees as memorials for our comrades in a local park along a driveway to be known as Memorial Driveway, also to erect a handsome monument to all ex-service men. At the base of each memorial tree we expect to place a bronze plate giving the man's name, etc. We are already negotiating with Judge Landis and Senator La Follette as Memorial Day speakers.

A prominent fraternal organization attempted to stage a dance on the evening of Memorial Day last year here, and with the proper pressure brought to bear we were able to have them cancel it, in view of the fact that it was a day of solemnity and not a celebration, as is the Fourth of July or Armistice Day.

We expect soon to ask the city council to pass a law prohibiting the holding of dances on Memorial Day, and we are firm in the belief that the day should be more fittingly observed in a solemn way.

Now for a contrary opinion from James Knowles of Los Angeles:

You ask for an opinion on the best way to celebrate Memorial Day. Here it is: I don't think that you can devote any one day of the year absolutely to sanctity. We humans cannot consecrate ourselves or our time or anything to one idea for so much as twenty-four hours. The minute you start making Memorial Day a day for religious or semi-religious service, you are making it a day when it will be nothing but a bore to thousands of people who do all their worshipping on Sundays.

Don't think that I am against dedicating Memorial Day to just the name—a day for the memory of the dead. But I do think we ought to divide the day up.

**If you are the commander or the adjutant of a live Legion post—**

**If your post is looking for a way to make money—**

Cut out and mail this coupon immediately to The American Legion Film Service, National Headquarters, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

Please tell me how my post can increase its prestige and add to its treasury by showing the Legion's motion picture film, "The Man Without a Country."

Name .....

Official title and post .....

City ..... State .....

**If you aren't a post official, stand up at your next post meeting and ask what has been done to get this information for your post.**



## Georgia Leading by a Length

The American Legion Department of Georgia was leading in the subscription card race on February 1st. Where was your department? Here are the standings in proportion of 1923 cards received at the Weekly office to total membership in 1923. Here also are the standings of the same departments on the same ratio at the same time in 1922.

1923	1922	1923	1922
1 Georgia .....	42	25 Montana .....	21
2 Idaho .....	35	26 Arkansas .....	22
3 Iowa .....	5	27 Maine .....	41
4 S. Dakota .....	10	28 N. Carolina .....	6
5 Delaware .....	21	29 Arizona .....	45
6 Illinois .....	32	30 Washington .....	40
7 Indiana .....	7	31 N. Hampshire .....	17
8 Kansas .....	12	32 California .....	48
9 Nebraska .....	2	33 W. Virginia .....	31
10 Utah .....	14	34 S. Carolina .....	30
11 Oklahoma .....	15	35 Wyoming .....	18
12 Penna .....	11	36 Michigan .....	25
13 Colorado .....	36	37 Kentucky .....	9
14 Tennessee .....	27	38 Oregon .....	34
15 Rhode Island .....	19	39 Virginia .....	28
16 Wisconsin .....	8	40 Massachusetts .....	47
17 Maryland .....	20	41 New Jersey .....	46
18 N. Dakota .....	4	42 Florida .....	23
19 Texas .....	29	43 Mississippi .....	37
20 Minnesota .....	1	44 Vermont .....	26
21 Connecticut .....	38	45 Missouri .....	16
22 Alabama .....	33	46 New Mexico .....	13
23 New York .....	44	47 D. of C. ....	49
24 Ohio .....	3	48 Louisiana .....	43
	49 Nevada .....	39	

Apparently our Memorial Day discussion is getting controversial. By way of diversion, however, we have this letter from Arthur G. Thomson of Thomas Hopkins Post, Wichita, Kansas, which goes into the plans which may be made for observance:

Your query in a recent issue of the Weekly as to how posts can best observe Memorial Day recalled the fact that this same question was before a post in a nearby State where I was living a year ago.

Although we had arranged for a parade and a good speaker on Memorial Day in 1921, we failed to get the response from the townspeople that we should have had. There were too many of them, including, I am sorry to say, some of our post members, who looked on Memorial Day as just another holiday for recreational purposes.

At our meeting one of the members remembered the regulation that the flag should be flown at half mast until noon of Memorial Day and then full staffed for the rest of the day. We decided to center our observance on this flag ceremony. Then another member had the happy thought that we would make a wider appeal by using the local troop of Boy Scouts in the ceremony. We got the co-operation of the scoutmaster and he drilled his boys in their duties.

At nine-thirty on the morning of Memorial Day, the Legionnaires, the G. A. R. survivors and the Spanish-American War veterans, with the Boy Scouts as escort, paraded to our city park and formed about the flag-staff. The Boy Scouts ran up the flag and then brought it to half mast. We followed this ceremony with an adaptation of the Memorial Day service as given in the Legion manual of ceremonies. Following this, the veterans and their Auxiliaries proceeded to the cemetery, where flags and flowers were placed on the graves of our comrades of three wars.

On our return to the city park, which was shortly after noon, the Scouts performed the last ceremony by running the flag to full staff. This program was given full newspaper publicity and met with the whole-hearted response of our citizens.

By completing our program by noon, the afternoon was left free to do with as the individual chose.



## A 10-DAY TEST

Which ten million people have made

This delightful test which we offer you has been made by ten million people. It has taught the homes of some 50 nations a new teeth-cleaning method.

Dentists the world over also urge this method. Thus the past five years have opened a new dental era.

If you don't know these benefits, send and learn them now.

### Combat the film

Try combating the film on teeth. See how they improve.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Discolored by stains, it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. That's why beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

### Very few escaped

Old ways of brushing left much of that film intact. There it remained to constantly threaten serious damage. So, despite all care, tooth troubles were increasing until very few escaped.

Then dental science sought ways to fight that film. After long research, two ways were discovered. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then dentists began to advise them. A new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. Those two film combatants were embodied in it for daily application. That tooth paste, called Pepsodent, is now used wherever careful people live.

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U.S.

### The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

### Combats acids, too

Pepsodent brings other much-desired effects. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth.



### Teeth glisten everywhere today

You can see the results wherever you look. Teeth glisten which once were dim. Beautiful teeth are now more common, and people smile to show them.

Those prettier teeth mean cleaner, safer teeth. They mean that those people will hereafter have better tooth protection. They mean that children are better protected from what you may have suffered from the teeth.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

A few days will convince you that you need this method. Cut out the coupon now

**10-Day Tube Free** 1059

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 733, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY



# Come to our party!



We certainly would like to have you drop in at our nearest INDIAN Dealers to enjoy our celebration of

## Indian Day

(FEBRUARY 22d)

You'll get a souvenir, meet the boys, and have a view of the 1923 INDIANS.

A warm welcome awaits you.  
Come, and bring her along.  
Open all day and evening.

## Indian Motorcycles

HENDEE MANUFACTURING CO.  
Largest Motorcycle Manufacturer  
in the World  
Dept. L. Springfield, Mass.

## BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for original material suitable for this department. Unavailable manuscript will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope.

### Alien

The son of a Legion man in El Paso had heard so much about 100 percent Americanism that he might be qualified as an expert on the subject.

"Bobby," asked the teacher at school, "what was the name of the first man?"

"George Washington," replied Bobby with conviction.

"Oh, no, Bobby, Washington didn't come until long afterward. Adam was the first man."

"Aw, well," snorted Bobby in disgust, "of course, if you're talking about foreigners—"

### Suggestions of a Doughboy

*Being the Suggestions of a Doughboy on the Manner of Conducting the Next War, Together with Certain Reflections on the Conduct of the Last One*

52. (No. 1, repeated by request—about four million requests.) That there don't be any next war.

(The End).

### Small Cause for Worry

Buddy was up before the disability board. The pompous alienist was asking him a long string of questions to determine his mental condition and buddy was rapidly getting disgusted.

"Quick," shouted the celebrated doc, "tell me this: How many legs has a lobster?"

Buddy looked at him crushingly before replying.

"For the luvva Mike," he said, "is that all you got to worry about?"



"Little boy, can you tell me why we celebrate Washington's Birthday?"

"Yes'm. Cause there ain't no school."

### Canny

"Sandy, lad," said MacDougal to his son, "ye're gettin' marrit th' morn'. Here's a wee moose trap for ye. If there's anything a woman hates more than a moose, 'tis a moose trap. Tak an auld man's advice, Sandy, an' set it every night when ye gang to bed. Then put the siller from yer pockets under th' spring."

### Home Again

Private Hegel, A. E. F., had been born and brought up in the German section of Milwaukee where the use of English was a rarity and the use of any other foreign

## A Frank Statement

Do you realize how important it is for you to pay your 1923 post dues early? The Legion has prepared a great program that is worth working for.

You fellows that are looking forward to adjusted compensation want to figure that it will go through at the next session of Congress if you all pay your dues. If you do this, The Legion will go to Washington so strong that adjusted compensation will be assured.

And adjusted compensation is only one of the things that the Legion is working for. We all want to see the disabled rehabilitated. The Legion can do this only if you help.

Don't wait until someone comes around to see you before paying up.

Let's get behind the Legion today and make this the big Legion year.

THIS COLUMN IS FOR ALL POST OFFICERS — READ IT CAREFULLY.

Do you realize that this is the big Legion year?

This year the Legion must be stronger than ever.

Many posts have pledged a bigger membership for 1923 than ever before. Many have already got it. They are not stopping there, either.

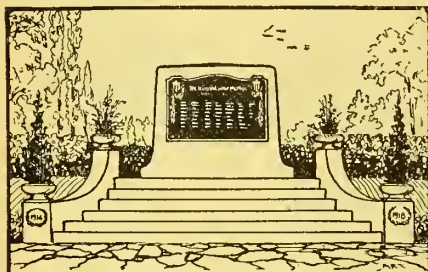
We wish you could see some of the big batches of cards some posts are sending in. Some have set a quota for each day and are determined to keep it up.

If your post isn't already on the way to having more members for 1923 than ever before, write us.

We can help you.

Let's get them all in before March first.

Will you do your part to make it the Big Year?



BRONZE TABLET BROCHURE SENT UPON REQUEST

### FREE DESIGNS AND COUNSEL

LET OUR MEMORIAL ART DEPARTMENT SOLVE YOUR MEMORIAL PROBLEM — SEND PLANS AND PHOTO OF CONTEMPLATED LOCATION  
THE FLOUR CITY ORNAMENTAL IRON CO.  
— ESTABLISHED 1893 —  
MINNEAPOLIS — MINNESOTA



*Learn to Write*  
I can make a good penman of you at home during spare time. Write for my book "How to Become a Good Penman" and beautiful specimens, all Free. Your name elegantly written on a card if you enclose stamp. F. W. TAMBLYN, 428 Ridge Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



140 Egg Incubator 13<sup>25</sup>  
30 Days Trial

Freight Paid east of Rockies. Hot water copper tanks, double walls, dead air space, double glass doors, all set up complete, ready to use. With Brooder, \$17.75—180-Egg Incubator \$15.75, with Brooder, \$22.00. Send for FREE Catalog TODAY or order direct. 2

Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 140, Racine, Wis.



tongue is unheard of. But when the war came along, Hegel, without understanding very clearly what it was all about, enlisted with the Marines.

For endless months he hiked and fought through France, still in a state of bewilderment which was not lessened by the language of the inhabitants. Then came the great day when the Yanks, hard on the trail of the Jerries, crossed into Germany.

Hegel, dropping out with others for a wayside rest, was startled to hear a peasant ask him timidly:

"Mein Herr, haben Sie etwas zu essen?"

With a wild shout of joy he jumped to his feet and embraced the startled German.

"Dank Gott!" he cried. "At lasdt in a gountry v're dey spik your own lankwich! Und v'en vas you in Milwaukee?"

### A Gentleman of Polish

Jones lay outstretched in the barber's chair, the bootblack at his feet, the manicurist at his hand, the barber at his face and the check book at his command.

"Pardon me, sir," spoke the tonsorial artist, turning on the juice for the electrical massage dingus, "but did you wish that blackhead removed?"

"By all means," answered Jones, glancing due south, "just as soon as he's through shining my shoes."

### Human Kindness

It was during the well known A. E. F. athletic eliminations a few years ago. The company's hitherto undefeated wrestler had taken an ear spin and retired much crestfallen to his dressing room, where his manager was upbraiding him.

"Why the blim-zam-zam didn't you throw him?" demanded the latter.

"Throw him?" repeated the defeated wrestler vaguely. "Oh, yes. Well, I guess it was just because I was too soft-hearted. The last guy I threw, when he come back everybody in the outfit had got commissions except him."

### Slide, Kelly, Slide

"Sam," said the tenant of the bachelor apartment to the janitor, "if any of the other tenants kick about that little party I had last night, just let it slip your mind."

"Yassuh," agreed Sam, "case a five-dollah bill sho' makes a wunnerful banana peel on de sidewalk of mah memory."

### With Opened Eyes

They stood at the olden corner,  
Where so often they had met  
In the days ere he had won her,  
And she thought, did he forget?

He pointed to one who stood near them,  
And suddenly she knew,  
For he said: "There's a sucker waiting,  
Just like I used to do."

### Why, Certainly Not

The Boss: "Is it true that you leave your typewriter and go when the clock strikes five, even if you are in the middle of a word?"

The Stenog: "Certainly not! When it gets as near five as that I never begin a word at all."

### Village Stuff

"Say, how come old Robinson got well so consarned quick? Thought he was gonna kick the bucket last week."

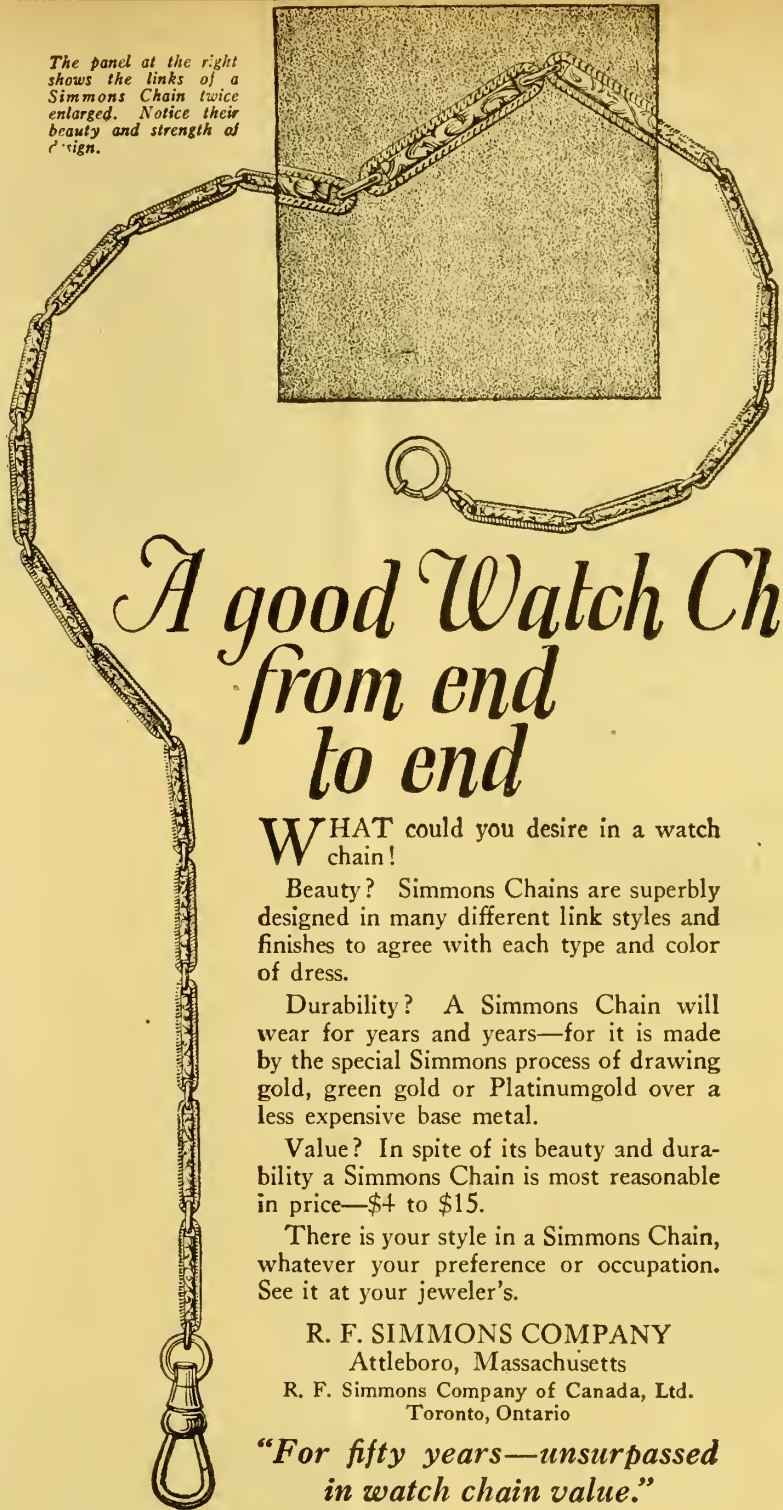
"Well, you see, it was this way. He got wind that young wife of his'n was gittin' too daw-gone friendly with the undertaker."

### Ingenious

Private Blimp was a modest and sensitive man who dreaded a rebuff. He had fallen desperately in love with the prettiest girl within a mile of the camp, but hesitated proposing for fear she would turn him down. At last, when he could stand the suspense no longer, he was struck by an inspiration.

Hastily seizing a pen, he wrote her an anonymous letter asking her to marry him.

The panel at the right shows the links of a Simmons Chain twice enlarged. Notice their beauty and strength of design.



## A good Watch Chain from end to end

WHAT could you desire in a watch chain!

Beauty? Simmons Chains are superbly designed in many different link styles and finishes to agree with each type and color of dress.

Durability? A Simmons Chain will wear for years and years—for it is made by the special Simmons process of drawing gold, green gold or Platinumgold over a less expensive base metal.

Value? In spite of its beauty and durability a Simmons Chain is most reasonable in price—\$4 to \$15.

There is your style in a Simmons Chain, whatever your preference or occupation. See it at your jeweler's.

R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY

Attleboro, Massachusetts

R. F. Simmons Company of Canada, Ltd.

Toronto, Ontario

"For fifty years—unsurpassed  
in watch chain value."

# SIMMONS

TRADE MARK

# CHAINS

The swivel says



it's a Simmons



## Keep Musterole on the bath-room shelf

Years ago the old-fashioned mustard plaster was the favorite remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, colds on the chest and sore throat.

It did the work all right, but it was sticky and messy to apply and my how it did burn and blister!

The little white jar of Musterole has taken the place of the stern old mustard plaster.

Keep this soothing ointment on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first cough or snuffle, at rheumatism's first warning tingle.

Made from pure oil of mustard, with the blister and sting taken out, Musterole penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of the trouble.

Order Musterole today from your druggist. He has it in 35c and 65c jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio  
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



## WANTED

by

Willys-Overland, Inc.  
Toledo, Ohio

Tool and Die Designers,  
Tool and Die Makers,  
Steam Hammer Drop  
Forgers, Automobile Varnish Finishers, Color Varnishers, Body Builders, Trimmers on Open and Closed Cars, Metal Panelers, Metal Body Finishers, Gisholt Machine Operators, Milling Machine Operators, J. & L. Machine Operators, Screw Machine Operators, Multi-spindle Drill Press Operators.

No Labor Trouble  
Permanent Work

Write or apply direct to Employment  
Department

Willys-Overland, Inc.  
Toledo, Ohio



Legionnaires at Kelso, Washington, clearing away wreckage and searching for bodies in the Columbia River after the collapse of a bridge span which carried more than one hundred persons into the water

## On the Spot—On the Job

WHILE National Commander Alvin Owsley was making a swing of the Pacific Coast States early in January, preaching one of the Legion's cardinal principles of Americanism, he saw a representative post of The American Legion practicing a second cardinal principle, that of mutual helpfulness.

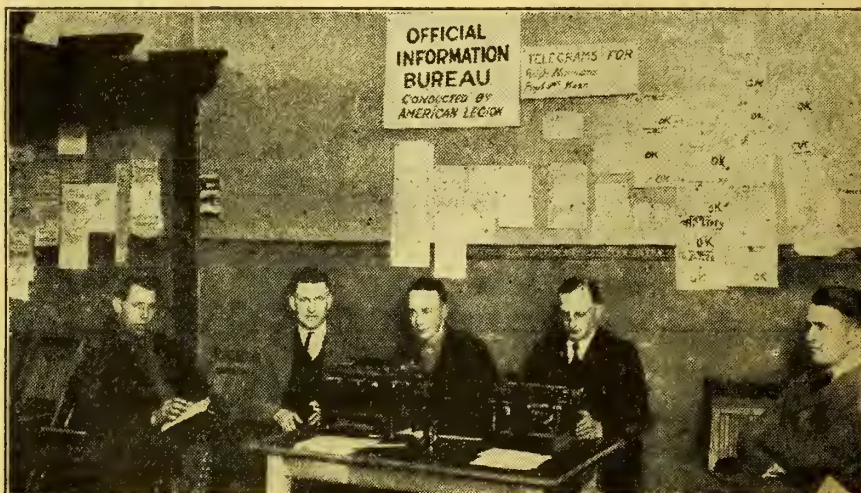
It was in the town of Kelso, Washington, where had just occurred a disaster that shocked the Coast cities. A wooden suspension bridge over a swollen river leading into the great Columbia and thence to the sea had collapsed, plunging more than one hundred persons, and a tangle of automobiles, horses and wagons, into the flood.

The accident occurred at the height of the evening rush hour. The river was filled with wreckage, struggling survivors and rescue boats, and the river banks and the approaches to the collapsed bridge were crowded, all in a few moments. To the scene of terrible confusion came the first organized rescue and relief workers—members of the

Guy Rathbun Post of The American Legion.

Later-arriving members of the Post were set to running a ferry across the river, handling the crowds on the river banks, and others to opening up an official information bureau. News of the catastrophe, flashed over the country, brought more than 100 telegrams from anxious friends and relatives on the first day.

On the first check-up, between twenty and thirty persons were missing. Most of these were newcomers to the town, employees of a lumber construction company. The river had given up but three known dead; the hospitals were crowded with injured; divers were working in the wreckage beneath the waters, and the casualty list was excited guesswork. The post rented a vacant restaurant close to the scene of the accident for an information bureau. The flood of telegrams from relatives and friends were turned over to the Legion, and giving the information sought involved checking up the crowded hospitals, the bodies



Members of Guy Rathbun Post conducted an information exchange after the disaster. Post Commander R. T. Brennan is on the right



being recovered, and the names of new employes of the lumber companies. All this the post accomplished with dispatch.

A placard in the window expressed the spirit of the post: "If you want information, ask us; if you know facts, tell us. If we can help you, we shall be glad." And still, in the general excitement and confusion, the post received and honored its guest, the National Commander, who traveled through rain-storms and high waters to make the schedule.

## War Thrills

(Continued from page 14)

on me as though I had been the Kaiser—and into the hoosegow I went.

Two days later I was escorted back to my barracks where I passed the next two weeks as K. P. and fire and latrine guard.—C. E. WEICK (Co. B, 210th Engineers, 10th Division), Waterloo, Ia.

### "Into the Jaws of Death"

NEVER have I so vividly felt the nearness of death as I did in July, 1918, shortly after my organization (Company H, 4th Infantry) had crossed the Marne to help chase the Boches out of France. We had been advancing through a dense forest. The enemy was shelling us, and occasionally we were sniped by machine gunners. At length we came to an opening and were confronted with a house that stood like a solitary fortress in the center of a meadow. It was surrounded by a high stone wall. Instantly we discovered that it was occupied by Germans, for as we emerged from the trees we were swept by a hail of shells and bullets. We took shelter behind the nearest trees and some cord wood that was stacked near-by.

While the officers were holding a conference a runner arrived with a message from the battalion commander, who directed that the company advance regardless of what the cost might be. Orders were orders, so the Captain instructed Lieutenant Hanna of the 2d platoon to lead the attack. The first automatic rifle team of the platoon was picked to go with him. It was composed of Ross Burnsmeyer and myself. We were instructed to crawl to an opening which we could see in the wall and keep the Boches busy until the 2d platoon could rush the house.

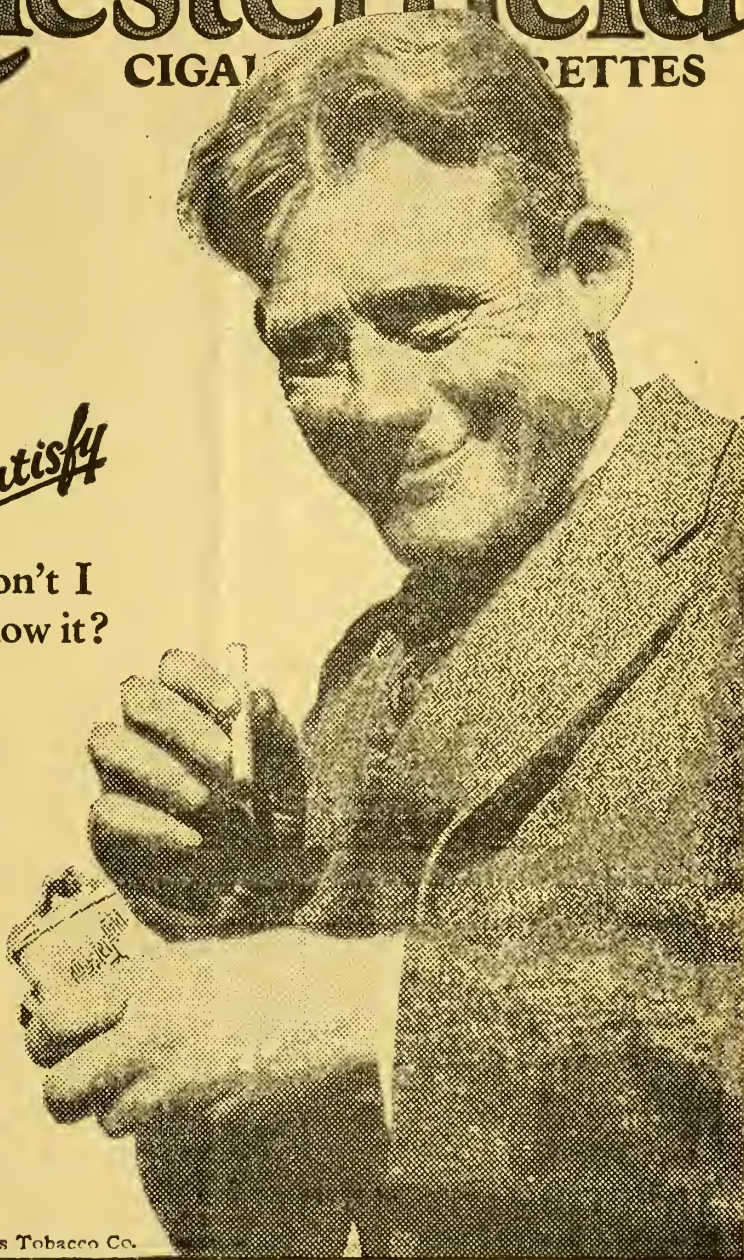
We felt that our time had come. To attempt to approach that house was suicide. Between us and our objective lay the meadow, with not even the smallest bush on it for protection. We didn't have a chance, and we all knew it, but we started. Out of the timber, crawling on our stomachs, we went. How we hugged the ground! I really could hear my heart thumping away like mad, and every moment I expected to feel a bullet crashing into me. To this day I shiver a little when I think of that slow creep to eternity. Closer and closer we squirmed, and just as I thought the end had come we found—wonder of wonders!—an old wagon road. It evidently had not been used for years, and it was very shallow, but because it wound round and round instead of going direct to the house it gave us some protection. The enemy could see us as we approached, and we could hear the machine-gun bullets cutting the grass all about us. The deadly one-pounders opened on us.

# Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

*They Satisfy*

Don't I know it?



Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

**13 WEEKS FOR 15 CENTS**

*The Pathfinder*

INDEPENDENT NATIONAL HOME WEEKLY

You've heard your neighbor praise the Pathfinder, the wonderful illustrated news and story paper published at Washington for people everywhere. This paper is the Ford of the publishing world; has half a million subscribers. Chuck full of just the kind of reading you want. Unequaled digest of the world's news. Question Box answers your questions. Stunts for children; real fun for all. Exciting serial story starts soon. Send 15 cents (coin or stamps) today for this big \$1 paper 13 weeks. You will be more than pleased. **PATHFINDER, 803 Langdon Sta., WASHINGTON, D. C.**

## PATENTS Secured

Prompt service. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and Free Book telling How to Obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest References. Write TODAY. J. L. Jackson & Co., 381 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.


## Tailoring Agents Wanted

**Make \$75.00 a Week and Up**

selling our fine made-to-measure, all wool suits at \$29.50 retail, direct to wearer. Biggest values ever offered—positively sell on sight. Liberal profits paid in advance. We attend to delivery and collect ons. Write at once giving full particulars as to your past experience. Full line of samples—everything to work with—will be sent with the least possible delay.

**W. Z. GIBSON, INC., Dept. P-1008**  
161 W. HARRISON ST. CHICAGO

## POULTRY BOOK

 Latest and best yet; 144 pages, 215 beautiful pictures, hatching, rearing, feeding and disease information. Big Successful Poultry Farm handling 53 pure-bred varieties and **BABY CHICKS**. Tells how to choose fowls, eggs, incubators, sprouters. Mailed for 10 cents.

**Berry's Poultry Farm, Box 52, Clarinda, Iowa**



# Aspirin

Say "Bayer" and Insist!



Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Earache	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drug-gists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.



## Tailoring Prices Smashed

The drop you have been waiting for is here. Now is your chance to get that new suit at such an unheard-of startling low price you wouldn't believe it if you didn't see it with your own eyes. See for yourself. Send for our new

**Be Our Agent**  
Big money in your spare time. \$3.00 to \$5.00 an hour easy taking orders for our fine tailor-made clothes from friends and neighbors. Write today.

### SAMPLE BOOK FREE

The greatest book of its kind ever gotten out, showing samples of the newest and finest fabrics and all the very latest styles at the world's lowest wholesale prices. Write for this great free sample and style book this minute.

BANNER TAILORING CO. Dept. 755, Chicago

## THROW YOUR VOICE

Under the table, into a Trunk, down Cellar or anywhere. Our lessons in VENTRILOQUISM teaches you. With our

### VENTRILO

(fits in the mouth and cannot be seen) you imitate Birds, Animals, etc. without moving your lips. This outfit and book of JOKES by mail for 10c.

Universal Distributors  
Box 785 Stamford, Conn.



Again and again the shells savagely tore up the earth at our elbows; but not a man was touched, and we finally reached the wall. Looking back, we saw the whole second platoon crawling

at our heels—and about that time the Germans decided to quit. We captured them later in some near-by woods.—LUCIEN BARNES (former private, Co. H, 4th Inf.), Sweet Springs, Mo.

## Ask Dad—He Knows

(Continued from page 11)

All through that sovereign and golden State in which San José lies—and in many another State—we hear of Dad in the thick of the fight for adjusted compensation. From Westfield, New Jersey, comes the echo from a speech made by a Dad at a Legion get-together: "The boys stood behind the guns, and we stand behind the boys!"

In Ellwood City, Pennsylvania, to cite another of innumerable examples of the ways in which Dad has been helping the Legion, membership in the local post has been surprisingly built up by his offer to pay the dues of any man eligible who had stayed out because he felt that even the small additional expense incident to affiliation with the Legion was beyond his means. Each Dad took five sons under his wing—and mighty good members the new men have proved, too.

Elsewhere Dad has been showing

himself a star employment agent. Dads at the head of their own businesses got into a habit of making places in their organizations for men who wore Uncle Sam's uniform in wartime and have had a struggle to regain a niche in civilian life. Other Dads, themselves employed, have "gone to the front" with their employers for ex-service men in need of work. Opulent Dads, without making any noise about it, have gone deep into their pocket-books to aid former soldiers and sailors with families over hard places in the road to normalcy. The sum of Dad's achievements, indeed, is incalculable even now—and every day sees hundreds of more Dads enrolled in the auxiliaries.

Has your post formed its auxiliary yet?

If it hasn't, the suggestion to you is obvious:

Ask Dad!

## The Racing Pulse

(Continued from page 8)

for the betting ring, while Dick strolled into the clubhouse and joined a noisy group on the veranda, who heard his tale and loudly voiced their derision. When he went back, thoroughly angry, to meet Repeater, he found him dancing with impatience.

"The wise money is coming out," the tout whispered hoarsely. "Panama opened at forty to one. I knew Joe Rose had gipped us on the odds, but they've backed the price down to twenty to one now, and Burke and Powell are spreading bets all over the ring. If we hurry we can get down another bet before they rub him off the slates. Listen to a wire crack from a dumb-bell, Mr. Parks. Put another hundred on. You'll never have another chance like this in a million years."

Dick hesitated, but the derision in the clubhouse, four gin fizzes with luncheon and that strange impulse known as a hunch were working strongly. He drew out a hundred-dollar bill and the tout dashed madly for the ring. A moment later they walked side by side to the paddock. With eager eyes Repeater watched every detail of the racing toilet of the eight thoroughbreds in the inclosure. Panama, wearing No. 7, jerked impatiently as his mouth was sponged out and the flecks of foam from his warming gallop were rubbed from his glossy skin. A stable boy led him into the string of horses being walked slowly around the inclosure.

"That's the bird he's got to beat," Repeater said as a big, black colt carrying the number 3 was led by. "That's Thunderclap, Captain Hart's sprinter. Him and Torpedo, that chestnut gelding over there in Number 5 stall, are all we got to watch out for. The rest of the bunch ain't class."

He leaned closer as Panama was led past.

"You got more on you than the weight pads today, baby," he said softly, and coughed until he choked.

Buoyed by the characteristic opti-

mism of the consumptive, he had deluded himself into the belief that he would recover. Now, as the horses cantered slowly to the starting post, he let himself realize fully for the first time that but one chance remained to him—Arizona. That chance was wagered on one of the horses now wheeling and fretting at the barrier. A great desire to live swelled up in him, and he clenched his hands in his empty pockets and stifled a sob that was almost a prayer.

For what seemed hours, he stood in a daze while the flashing line of gaudy jackets formed and broke again into kaleidoscopic jumbles. The starter's bellowing voice sprayed a vitriolic profanity over horses and riders. Then for an instant, seven horses were in line. Only Torpedo faced sullenly the other way. An assistant starter seized the gelding's bridle and swung his head toward the barrier. Torpedo's rider, sensing the opportunity, sent home knees and heels, the webbing flashed up and the roar that never fails welled from the crowd: "They're off!"

TORPEDO, off winging, flashed a length into the lead. Panama, far out from the rail, caught his stride promptly and bolted for the front, but his rider took hold of him sharply as Thunderclap came through on the rail. Content to trail the black, Fedor swung his mount into third place. Torpedo, full of running, made the pace terrific up the back stretch. Repeater tried to estimate it, but a film was before his eyes, and the pulse which had been so steady the night before was fluttering like a leaf in the wind. The field strung out, for Torpedo swung into the turn without a sign of slackening. But just before the head of the stretch was reached the chestnut's head started to wobble, and he began to come back to his pursuers. His rider's whip was falling with the regularity of a pendulum, but Torpedo was beaten.



# On free trial

## The Famous YORK Saxophone

Easiest Instrument to Play

Let us send you the World Famous York Saxophone on 10 days' Free Trial. Play on it to your heart's content. Convince yourself of its superb tone, its richness, quality and ease of playing. And then if you are not completely satisfied send it back and it won't cost you a penny. York Saxophone is the easiest instrument to play. We show you how to run the scales and start you right. You can learn in a very short time. First lessons Free.

### Take Your Choice

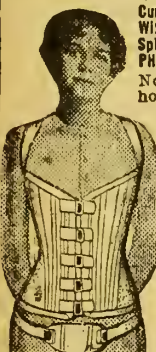
You can get any of the House of York band instruments on 10 days' free trial, including Cornets, Trombones, Baritone, Clarinets, Drums, Trumpets, Altes and Basses.

### Easy Payments

Easy payments if you keep the instrument of your choice. Simply send your name and address and mention which instrument you want and we will send you full details of our free trial and easy payment plan. Send for your saxophone today.

**J. W. YORK & SONS**  
Dept. 1065 Grand Rapids, Michigan

## Crooked Spines STRAIGHTENED



Cure Yourself or Your Child at Home, Without Pain or Inconvenience, of any Spinal Deformity with the Wonderful PHIL BURT METHOD.

No matter how old you are, or how long you have suffered, or what kind of spinal deformity you have, there is benefit and a possible cure for you. The Phil Burt Appliance is as firm as steel and yet flexible and very comfortable to wear. It gives an even, perfect support to the weakened or deformed spine. It is as easy to take off or put on as a coat, causes no inconvenience, and does not chafe or irritate. No one can notice you wearing it.

### Cure Yourself At Home

The Appliance is made to fit each individual case. It weighs ounces where other supports weigh pounds. The price is within the reach of all. Hundreds of doctors recommend it.

We GUARANTEE Satisfaction and LET YOU USE IT 30 DAYS.

If you or your child are suffering from spinal trouble of any nature, write us at once for our new book with full information and references. Describe case fully so we can advise you intelligently. The Phil Burt Method consists of a scientific appliance and a course of special exercises, has produced wonder benefit or cure in over 45,000 cases. Phil Burt Company, 92-2 Odd Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N. Y.



## AGENTS-\$5 to \$15 DAILY



Introducing NEW STYLE GUARANTEED HOSIERY—latest modes and shades—Nude, camel, silver, etc. Big Profits. Repeat orders bring you regular income. You write orders—WE DELIVER AND COLLECT. Experience unnecessary. J. R. Sutton made \$14.60 first day. Lee Higgins \$21.45 first day. (Sworn proof furnished). You should do as well. Outfits contain all colors and grades including full fashioned silks.

MAC-O-CHEE MILLS CO. Desk 2574, Cincinnati, Ohio

At the quarter pole, Rice on Thunderbolt flashed past Torpedo with a derisive grin, and Fedor on Panama sat down on his mount and called on him for the first time. His whip was still tucked snugly beneath his right leg, but he was lifting Panama with every stride. Seemingly without effort, the rank outsider in the betting drew alongside Thunderbolt, the favorite. Nose and nose they raced to the last furlong.

Parks, his race glasses at his eyes, was babbling imprecations and entreaties to the flying horses, but Repeater did not hear him. He tried to yell, to "root his horse home," but no sound came from his dry lips.

A furlong from the wire Rice went to the bat. The whalebone, with its leather tags, swished up and down, and Thunderbolt swerved—not from the blow, for he was game to the core—but from the shifting of his rider's weight. Rice straightened him in an instant, but Panama was under the wire, winner by an open length.

Dick Parks desisted from howls of joy and exultation to gaze curiously at his companion. Repeater stood as though frozen, impervious to voice or touch, while Fedor brought Panama to a halt before the judges' stand and raised the whip he had not used for permission to dismount. Unmoving, Repeater watched the jockey strip the saddle and weight pads from his mount and step upon the scales.

The judge nodded, and a hinged shutter turned on the scoreboard across the track, leaving the word "Official" above the numbers of the first three horses—7, 3 and 5.

Then slowly Repeater Townley doubled limply over the rail of the grandstand stairs in a dead faint, his unlighted cigarette dangling drunkenly from the lower lip of his gaping mouth.

### IV

RAIMENT, gaudy raiment, draped upon the skinny frame of Repeater Townley, gleamed upon the rear platform of the through train for Washington, New Orleans and the Southwest.

"Some blanket," Repeater muttered complacently, as he stroked the checks of the shepherd plaid suit, checks that needed no certification. Repeater "played the shirt across the board," he had told the clerk who sold it—a three-dollar bet on each of the three clashing colors. Highlights from the tan patent leathers with blue tops outshone the brass railing on which they rested. A huge cap bulged above his ears, a cap of plaid beyond imagination of our Scotch clans. Best of all, in the pocket of the gaudy waistcoat nestled and ticked his beloved watch, rescued from the track Shylock.

Repeater settled back and strove to outline his journey and his future. Strive as he would, he could not visualize himself south or west of Washington. Beyond was unexplored country—"the sticks"—regarded with slight contempt and complete uninterest by Repeater's tribe.

He had followed the horses from ocean to ocean. He knew the knot holes in the stable doors of Belmont Park and Saratoga. Havre de Grace and Latonia, historic old Churchill Downs and New Orleans, even the uncensored courses of the Northwest and the Mexi-

## Santa Fe Special



Montgomery Dial

Newest Designs

## No Money Down

While other watch dealers are raising their prices, asking you for larger monthly payments, and making payment terms harder for you to meet, we are offering you our new model Santa Fe Special, no advance in price, no money down, easier terms and smaller monthly payments. WE realize the war is over and in order to double our business we MUST give you pre war inducements, better prices, easier terms and smaller payments.

**LOOK** Adjusted to Positions  
Adjusted to Temperature  
Adjusted to Isochronism  
Adjusted to the Second  
Thin Model. All Sizes.

Without one penny of advance payment let us place in your hands to see, to examine, to inspect, to admire, to approve, a real masterpiece in watch creation. A Watch which passes the most rigid inspection and measures up to the exacting requirements of the great Santa Fe Railway System, and other great American trunk lines.

### Page 12 of Our Watch Book is of Special Interest to You

Ask for our Watch Book free—then select the Watch you would like to see, either the famous Santa Fe Special or the 6 position Bunn Special, and let us explain our easy payment plan and send the watch express prepaid for you to examine. No Money Down. Remember—No money down—easy payments buys a master timepiece—a 21 Jewel guaranteed for a lifetime at about half the price you pay for a similar watch of other makes. No money down—a wonder offer.

### SANTA FE WATCH CO.

2111 Thomas Bldg., Topeka, Kan.  
(Home of the Great Santa Fe Railway)

A Letter, Post Card or this Coupon Will Bring My Free Watch Book

SANTA FE WATCH CO.,  
2111 Thomas Bldg., Topeka, Kansas

Please send me your New Watch Book with the understanding that this request does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

## \$4.50 Guns for Brush Hunting

Famous U. S. Cal. 45-70  
r. bored smooth, to shoot Bird shot.  
total length 41 inches, weight 7 lbs. \$4.50  
Bird shot cartridges for the above 3c each.  
Rifle Barrels interchangeable for above..... \$2.00  
U. S. Army Krag Rifle, like new..... \$12.50  
Carbine, Cal. 45..... \$3.50

**W. Stokes Kirk** 1627-E, N. 10th St.  
Phila., Pa.

Send for Catalogue

## TAILORING \$50 to \$100 a week AGENTS WANTED

Tailoring agents earn \$50 to \$100 a week selling virgin wool tailored-to-order suits and overcoats direct to wearer. All one price, \$29.50. Wonderful values. Rich assortment of fabrics. We furnish 6x9 swatch outfit and free advertising. Protected territory. Commissions in advance. Will train inexperienced men who are honest, industrious, ambitious.

J. B. SIMPSON, Inc., 831 W. Adams St., Dept. 497, Chicago



# Test Your English

## See What Mistakes You Make

Amazing as it may seem, actual tests prove that the average person is only 61% efficient in the essential points of English. Most people realize that they may be making mistakes, but do not know what they are or how often they are made. Sherwin Cody, America's foremost teacher of practical English, has at last solved the problem of how you can test your knowledge of English and see just where you stand—you can instantly discover your mistakes and correct them forever.



### Sherwin Cody's Great Invention

In his new method, Mr. Cody has made it amazingly easy for you to learn correct English rapidly. He has discarded all the old methods which made English so hard to learn. No time is wasted. All your efforts are concentrated on acquiring a perfect command of English—eliminating your mistakes, and substituting for them the correct way. Only 15 minutes a day, in your spare time, is all you need to learn English this wonderful new way. And what is more important, you will learn English so well that you will never be able to forget it; you will speak and write correct English as instinctively as you perform any other daily habit.

## FREE! Get this test and book—Free

Mr. Cody has prepared a short, interesting, 15-minute test which tells you, privately, just where you stand in your knowledge of good English. If you are better than the average, it will give you added confidence in your ability; if you are deficient you surely want to know it. Write today for this test—it is free. We will also send you our new free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English," which explains in greater detail how Mr. Cody's great invention gives you a masterly command of English in only 15 minutes a day. No matter what you may believe about correct English, make this free test and learn actually what you know! Write for it today.

Sherwin Cody School of English 842 Searle Bldg. Rochester, N. Y.

## \$1000 Value Guaranteed in 1 Year

The Power That Compels Success

FREE

TO every man who sends for the "Power That Compels Success"—and obeys its vital message—we guarantee results worth \$1000 the very first year! The book is FREE! Get it now—and read it! Thousands of men have read it and learned the way to double and triple their former salaries.

"The Power That Compels Success" tells about Dr. Frank Channing Haddock's wonderful new course that is bringing quick, easy success to even ordinary people. It gives you a positive, time-tested system for developing your brain—banishing your fears and worries—cultivating success—magnetism. It cannot fail!

Learn about it from the free book which shows you how to double your power of accomplishment—how to double your ability to think—how to banish your fears, self-consciousness, worries, timidity; how to acquire the courage to do seemingly impossible things—how to think straight—clearly—accurately. It contains some of the most fascinating and marvelous information you ever expected to read—and it's yours absolutely free! Send for it now. Mail a postcard—or write a letter—but do it now. It may mean the turning point in your life. It will show you the new, easy way to greater health—wealth and happiness! Write today! And remember our guarantee of at least \$1,000 value the very first year.

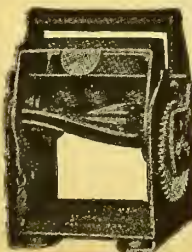
Pelton Publishing Co.

163-B Wilcox Block Meriden, Conn.

## We Pay \$8 a Day

taking orders for Rotastrop for sharpening Safety Razor Blades. Every man a prospect.

### 600 Shaves From One Blade



Quick velvety shaves. Models for sharpening nearly all makes of Safety Razor Blades. Wonderful invention. We make deliveries. No collecting. All you do is take orders. Absolutely guaranteed or money back. Write for territory.

BURKE MFG. CO., R-307 Dayton, Ohio

can border were familiar ground. They were home to Repeater. But now he was bound for an unknown country, where people knew not his tongue and were unmindful of the real things of life.

A familiar landmark caught his eye, and he realized that the train was clicking and bumping toward the track. He had forgotten he would pass it, and he leaned eagerly over the railing as the familiar fence came in view.

THERE, near the head of the stretch was Star Garter, the pet and pride of the Evergreen Stables, taking his leisurely evening stroll at the end of a halter with Bill Skirm, his trainer. As the roar of the train echoed from the stands, Star Garter's lean, small head, heritage of the Godolphin Arab, lifted high in the air with ears pricked forward, and then dropped again to the luscious turf. To Repeater it was the casual nod of an old friend.

Repeater could see the hazy smoke rising above the stables across the track, the yellow gleam of an early lit lantern. Almost he could hear the clang of a dropped bucket, the soft munching of hay.

He could hear the rattle of the bones, the clink of small silver coins, the sharply aspirated "hah" as the dice

rolled across the blanket in the game which he knew was going on there.

And he was leaving it—leaving it for Arizona, where there was nothing but desert and mountains and rat-tailed bronchos and—lungers. Involuntarily, he started as if to swing one leg over the railing to jump from the train. And the last glimpse of the track faded from view.

"I can change at Washington and get back tomorrow morning," he reflected, and rammed his hands hard into his pockets. His fingers crushed a folded slip of paper, and his face lit as he drew out the printed sheet with the entries and past performances for the next day. He had bought it from sheer force of habit as he passed through the station.

Hastily he sought the lighted car and sat down to the study of his profession, but before he could unfold the paper, his cough seized him and he racked hard and long.

Slowly he tore the entry list into little pieces and let them trickle through his fingers.

"Oh, well," he sighed, "maybe they'll be running at Juarez next winter." Then Repeater Townley, true to form, drew out his beloved watch, snapped the split second hands into action, and carefully and conscientiously clocked his pulse.

## Machinery and the Golden Age

(Continued from page 5)

dividual workers? No. They are at the back of the strikes, with hearts of rebels. Because they bear a grudge against the mechanical world.

William Allen White, in one of his recent articles in the press, asked for more humor on the part of the young men. "We of our generation," said he, "are responsible for this world you find yourselves in. Very largely we made it what it is. But if it will not stand, let it fall down!"

One of the most potent weapons which youth holds is humor, he declared. If the young men do not like this world of Wrigley skyscrapers and Pullman cars and stout pocketbooks, let them laugh it to scorn. "You can fire when you are ready," said Mr. White.

Unfortunately, the strikers and all the rest "down-under" do not feel light-hearted enough to laugh. If they did, they would leave the alleys of Pittsburgh to the alley rats, and they would leave un-Bethlehem-like Bethlehem, and plunge outward into the happier unspoiled America on which machinery and industrialism have not yet laid their brand—the greater West.

The curse of the strike movement no doubt lies in the dark mass of semi-literate immigrants who, having got to America and taken work at low wages, do not really know where they are or what are the opportunities of the land they are in. Instinct bids them fight but it does not give them imagination. What a valuable book for strikers would be Jack London's "Valley of the Moon," which tells most wonderfully, if with exaggeration, of the trek of a worker from the strikes and sorrows of Oakland to that Californian paradise of road and ranch "where no man can starve".

That is one aspect of man's quarrel with the machine-driven world. It is a negative one. In theory, machinery should be lightening man's load. If the

vast population of Russia which, man, woman and child, grandfather and toddling infant, toils upon the land with wooden plough and sickle and flail, could be given modern harvesting machinery, how their labor would be diminished and how greatly their output increased. How they would dance and sing and pay their taxes!

But they danced and sang of old—if they did not always pay their taxes. One has a foreboding that in Russia's mechanical age which is coming, the millions in the country will be "combed out" and put mostly to work in the factories in the towns, whilst those who remain will work harder than before. Anyone who has done a day's harvesting under modern conditions knows that at the end of the day there is no more desirable place than the hay in the barn where you can fall asleep without removing a garment.

The rate of the machine speeds up the human work. It makes it possible for the foreman or "speeder-up" of a gang to get the last ounce of energy out of his team.

In the long run, however, in the country and in the town, the material wants of humanity are being satisfied, and machinery is doing a great amount of work which otherwise would have had to be done by hand. The reason that man's personal labor has not diminished lies in the fact that luxury has grown with the use of machinery. Man's wants have marvelously increased. The world is at work making my lord's twenty-five pairs of trousers and my lady's fifty-five dresses, making redundant cars—I heard a preacher in Springfield, Illinois, say last year, "A man begins to be in some spiritual danger after he has his second car"—making joy chariots, making phonographs and parlor furniture and what not—making also, it is true, very desirable extra drain-pipes and new sub-





The  
Cigarette Holder  
that

## Ejects the Stub

**CIGARETTE SMOKERS:** Here is convenience.

Your enjoyment of a holder increased a hundred-fold. The nuisance of burned stubs—both a feature of the ordinary holder—entirely eliminated by the "Ejecto." A flip of the thumb nail and "out it goes"—your holder is empty, and ready for the next smoke.

—and the "Ejecto" has appearance too—just like an expensive amber holder. The ejecting feature is practically invisible—nothing freakish or mechanical about it. Do not confuse the "Ejecto" with the two-piece telescoping devices you may have seen.

"Ejecto" has no springs—no hidden parts that cannot be easily cleaned in a jiffy with a pipe-cleaner, exactly as you would an ordinary holder. The "Ejecto" costs no more than the ordinary kind: 3-inch length, \$1.00; 4-inch length, \$1.50. If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name with the price and we will forward one postpaid.

FOR ONE TODAY

Ejecto Cigarette Holder Company  
243 Kearny Street San Francisco, Cal.

stantial bridges to replace rickety ones. One reason given lately for starting the work on the Channel tunnel between England and France was that it would provide a great deal of work. And were not provincial mayors all over America urged last year to commence works of utility just to provide employment?

The time is perhaps at hand when instead of granting the common demand for "shorter hours and bigger pay" a full day will be guaranteed to all workers and the unemployed will be used for state works of national utility. But even that would be an experiment. Is it possible that when all the roads are perfect and all the bridges built and the old prisons pulled down and new hygienic homes of penitence erected, when the environs of Chicago and New York are all made into garden cities by superfluous labor—a six-hour day, a five-hour day, a half-day, may be inaugurated?

It would be a striking headline for Europe, "America takes every half-day off," and a remarkable point reached in human history if it came about.

One of the apostles of this idea is no doubt Henry Ford, who has even hinted at a three-hour day. He has preached the gospel of the liberation of humanity by machinery and has pointed to his works at Detroit where the organization of mechanical contrivance has been brought to such a pitch that human labor looks as if in time it might be eliminated altogether. The great plant goes by itself. Metal rolls ceaselessly in at one end and the "flivvers" roll out ceaselessly at the other. It grinds millions of dollars for Henry Ford. It effectually liberates him in any case. But how little it goes toward liberating those "who do the work for which they draw the pay!" The humanitarian millionaire is ready to close down his works and turn away his employees at a turn in the coal and railroad strikes. His factory is not an oasis in industrialism—or if it is, it is because of the tears and sweat which flow into it from the other industries of America.

But of course if all old machinery were scrapped and all old-fashioned methods abandoned, and the organization of production in all industries were rationalized on the Ford plan, there would be an enormous liberation of humanity from toil. There would not be work for an eight-hour day to go round. Millions of workers would be turned loose. There would be no use for them, and that is a liberation for which they would thank nobody.

That all serves to point out that the tendency in the new age when things get truly straightened out after the war should be, not for reduction or increase in pay, but for the reduction of the hours of the working-day, an increase in the leisure of everyone. Education will be at a premium, because it takes education to know how to spend one's leisure well. There will be a cry to get rid of the vast illiteracy of the masses. Nobody will want the old-style immigrant who came over to America in hundreds of thousands. What is more, the craze for increasing population will die down. When cheap labor in large quantities is no longer required it is quite conceivable that in some States compulsory limitation of population would be introduced.

Will machinery achieve this libera-

## A warning -bleeding gums

**ARE your gums tender? Do they bleed when brushed? If so—watch out for Pyorrhea.**

This disease of the gums, which afflicts four out of five people over forty, not only destroys the teeth, but often wrecks the health.

In Pyorrhea the gums become spongy, then recede; the teeth decay, loosen and fall out—or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about them. These germs lower the body's vitality and cause many diseases.

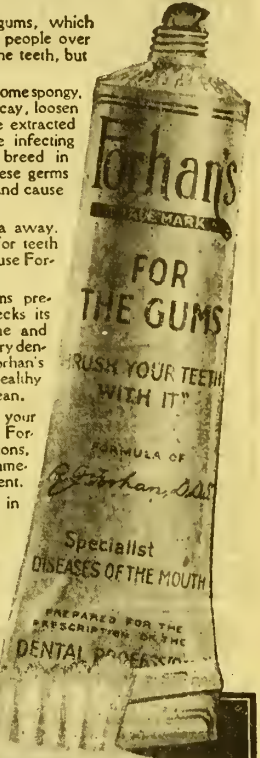
You can keep Pyorrhea away. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums prevents Pyorrhea—or checks its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

Start using it today. If your gums have receded, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

Formula of  
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.  
FORHAN CO.  
New York  
Forhan's, Ltd.  
Montreal



## Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

## New 300 Candle Power Lamp



**Make \$60 to \$100 a Week**  
Introducing this wonderful new lamp. Gives soft, brilliant light; restful to eyes; ideal illumination. Burns Kerosene or Gasoline. Clean, odorless, economical. Burns 96% air, 4% fuel. Absolutely safe. Lights with match. 100 times brighter than wick lamps. Patented. Greatest improvement of age. Table lamps, hanging lamps, lanterns. Work all or spare time. You simply take orders. We deliver by Parcel Post and do collecting. Commissions paid same day you take orders. No experience necessary. Get started at once. Big season now on. Write today for catalog and special agents offer.  
**THE AKRON LAMP CO.**  
1842 Lamp Bldg., Akron, O.

AGENTS FREE  
Send for Outfit Offer

## \$25 A DAY Selling Shirts

Large shirt manufacturer wants agents to sell complete line of shirts, pajamas, and night shirts direct to wearers. Advertised brand—exclusive patterns—easy to sell. No experience or capital required. Entirely new proposition. Write for free samples.  
**Madison Shirt Co., 503 Broadway, N.Y.C.**

## Exide BATTERIES

Power Dependability  
Long Life

**THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.**  
PHILADELPHIA  
Branches in 17 cities

Have You secured one?  
subscription to your magazine?  
Get a new reader for the  
**American Legion Weekly**  
Spread the Good Legion Gospel



## ARATEX SEMI-SOFT COLLARS

Pre-shrunk,  
will not wilt, crack or wrinkle  
—easily laundered

35¢ each 3 for 1.00

Cluett, Peabody & Co. Inc. Makers



## Amazing Offer Genuine DIAMOND PLATINUM RING

Send No Money!

This exquisite Solid Platinum Ring, set with a superior Blue-White perfect-cut Diamond, sent FREE for examination and approval. If entirely satisfied, upon arrival pay only \$10—Balance only \$5 a month. (Can be furnished in men's setting without extra charge.)

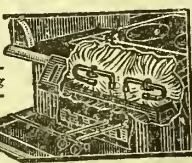
Blue-White perfect-cut diamond. Solid Platinum mounting carved and pierced. SWEET'S special Price \$65.

**FREE Diamond Book.** Thousands of other wonderful values in Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry shown in our newest 98-page diamond book. Send for a copy to Dept. 1033-G.

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY  
CAPITAL \$1,000,000  
**LW-SWEET INC.**  
1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

## Why Burn Coal

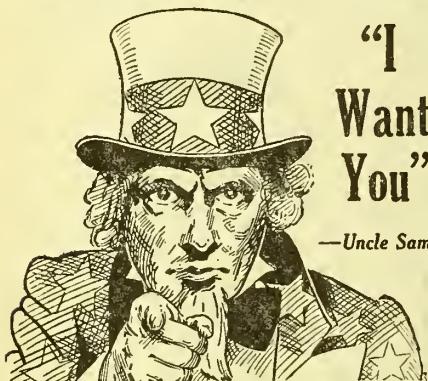
When you can get twice the heat at half the cost, by installing, in 5 minutes time, Uni-Hete Oil-Gas Burner in your range or heater. Thousands of homes now ending coal expense! Uni-Hete generates gas from common kerosene—cheapest fuel known. Red hot fire instantly. Cooks, bakes, heats. Sets in fire box of any stove. **FREE TRIAL.** Saves its small cost in 30 days. Lasts for years. Made by factory making heating devices for 33 years.



**Agents—Special Offer—Act Quick**  
High coal cost makes Uni-Hete a big profit maker for agents. Write at once.

Acorn Brass Mfg. Co., 224 Acorn Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

## EX-SERVICE MEN



—Uncle Sam

Become Railway Mail Clerks  
**\$1600 to \$2300 Year**

Over 70% of those appointed last fiscal year were Ex-Service Men  
Every Ex-Service Man Should Write Immediately  
Steady Work No Layoffs  
Paid Vacations  
Common education sufficient.  
Ex-Service Men get a first preference.  
Send coupon today.  
**SURE.**

Franklin Institute,  
Dept. P188,  
Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Send me, without charge,  
(1) Sample Railway Mail Clerk Examination questions; (2) List of many Government jobs obtainable; (3) Tell me how I can get a position; (4) Information regarding preference to ex-service men.

Name.....

Address.....

tion? Or will human requirements of every kind just increase with the increase of mechanical efficiency? Will all the owners of Fords get ashamed of their "tin Lizzies", put them away to rest and demand super-Fords when the time comes that better cars can be manufactured so cheaply? Will they then after a while discard even the "super" for a "super-super"? Is the game going on a long, long while?

If so it will be too long to wait. Many intelligent, middle-aged people, and some daring young spirits also, will take their extra leisure before it falls due. All men are in quest of happiness, and more especially so since the war, which showed what misery could be. And the happiness they desire is not merely "having a good time," it is the getting of a fuller life.

The thing which slows down humanity's progress towards liberation is the same thing which makes a false track of happiness for the young man. And that is, the lust for possession. The more possessions you have the more you have to carry on your back; the more the possessions possess you.

True happiness lies more in being able to do things than in possessing things. A man who can ride and shoot, swim, row, sail a boat, is more of a real son of Adam and has a greater hold on happiness than one who cannot do these things, be he ever so rich in material possessions.

It is possible, though not probable, that the present or the next generation will grasp this truth and not wait for Henry Ford's standardization of the world. There are those who wait for the Golden Age, and those who go out and take it. If they find none they make one. But those who wait and strike and agitate—keep on waiting

## Through Red Russia

(Continued from page 10)

Russia under Soviet rule, we set out hopefully on the last stage of our journey, anxious to be at the task of helping to improve conditions. The railroad trip through the mountains was not so monotonous as had been the long ride through the wilderness from Petrograd, and our spirits had risen somewhat when our box car home finally was sidetracked at Nadajenski Zavod. I must admit, too, that the first view of the town—if you forgot to try to pronounce its name—was somewhat inspiring.

Crowning a great hill overlooking the town was a huge cathedral. It was an imposing sight. The town and the factory lay in the valley. The factory was the center of everything. It covered about forty acres, and from the railroad station we saw row after row of smelter chimneys. Smoke came from only one of these, however. Most of the houses were log cabins, although there were a number of long wooden barracks. It was to one of these that we were assigned.

Next morning Mohr and I, who had been assigned to the same room, being anxious to see the factories, set out bright and early. Our first disappointment was to find that a big modern sawmill, of which we had been led to expect great things, had burned down. Once we were inside the factory inclosure our hearts sank. There were about a dozen buildings in all. A num-

## 3 Piece SUIT MADE TO ORDER SAVE

To prove our unbeatable values and get your steady trade, will make 3-piece suit consisting of coat, pants and vest to your measure for only \$13.45. Style shown in the picture or any one of 185 style combinations to select from. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed every penny back—quick.

**NO EXTRA CHARGES**  
You pay just what we say, not one penny of extras for anything. We even pay all postage and express. You save one-half—like before the war.

**Earn \$60 Cash Weekly**

You can take orders easy for these clothes in spare time and make \$3000 a year and up at home. Friends and neighbors buy on select Young Fred Green made **SEND NO CASH.** \$174.50 in seventeen days.

**FREE—BIG SAMPLES**  
New samples show latest styles and 80 real cloth samples. Buy at Inside Wholesale prices. Write now for Big Free Outfit.

**WASHINGTON TAILORING CO.**  
Wholesale Tailors Dept. P-302 Chicago

## Agents—\$6 a Day

Taking Orders for  
**Clark Glare Shield**



Kills glare of sunlight and approaching headlights. Keeps you out of the ditch. Attached in five minutes. Fits any car. Neff took orders for 92 shields in one week. No capital required. County agents wanted. Write for sample and territory.  
**CLARK PRODUCTS CO.,**  
Dept. 622 Springfield, O.

## \$1.00 MYSTERIOUS CHARM



Latest Fad—Keeps everybody guessing—IF YOU ARE A MASON—you should carry a Mysterious Charm. Spin it—instantly revealing the SQUARE AND COMPASS. Gold plated. Sent postpaid, \$1.00. **FREE**—Masonic Catalogue listing publications, jewelry, paraphernalia. Write for it.  
**REDDING & COMPANY**  
200-8th Ave., Dept. A, N.Y.C.

## INVENTORS

who derive largest profits know and need certain simple but vital facts before applying for Patents. Our book **Patent-Sense** gives those facts; free. Write **Lacey & Lacey, 643 F St., Washington, D. C.** **ESTABLISHED 1869.**

## I Offer You \$48 a Week

and a Buick TOURING CAR  
We want men and women as local representatives to demonstrate and take orders for Comer All-Weather Raincoats. New offer enables you to earn \$48 a week and Buick touring car. No experience necessary. Write quick.

**Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-F-432 Dayton, O.**



California state lands. The State Land Board of California has for sale 87 irrigated farms at Ballico near Merced in San Joaquin Valley on main line Santa Fe Railway. The state makes it possible for you to own one of these farms, only requiring 6 per cent of purchase price, remainder in semi-annual installments extending over 36 1/2 years with 5 per cent interest annually. This is an opportunity to become a home owner on terms as favorable as renting. It will be a long time before any more land will be available under such generous provisions. Money advanced on these farms and every acre. These already located very enthusiastic; you can farm all year in California; all deciduous fruits profitably grown; alfalfa a paying crop, ideal conditions for stock and poultry; many persons long some day to make their homes in California, with its winterless climate, plenty of sunshine, seashore and mountains, fertile valleys, paved highways, very efficient marketing, excellent schools. State Board's pamphlet also Santa Fe folder describing San Joaquin Valley mailed free on request. C. L. Seagrave, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe, 960 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.—Adv.

## You Can Save \$35.00

By recovering your old auto top frame yourself. Our recoverers are custom tailor made in our own factory to fit all makes and models of cars. Any person that can drive a car can put it on. We furnish instructions. Roof and quarters are sewed together, with rear curtain, fasteners, welts and tacks complete. Give us the name, year and model number of your car and we will send you catalog with samples.  
**LIBERTY TOP & TIRE CO., Dept. E-10, Cincinnati, O.**

**\$4.45 up**  
Parcels Post Paid



# Are Barrels for Ladies Coming in With New Fashions

Now comes Buddiette trying to borrow Buddy's stove enclosure. (Buddiette represents the members of the Auxiliary, or any of Buddy's lady friends and relatives who read his copy of the Weekly.)

Buddy has given the matter serious thought. The old barrel gave honest and faithful service to him. It did well when he was down and out and in fatigue clothes.

And yet —

Buddy can't resist the appeal of the ladies. He must pass out as a gallant ex-brave, or hand over the staves to Buddiette.

But wait! Hold that formation! There's a way out!

Buddy is going to give the many women readers of his Weekly an opportunity to come to Buddiette's rescue. If enough of them will sign on the dotted lines, Buddiette will soon rate equipment.

Remember there were 32,000 nurses in the war-time army. The membership of several posts is made up entirely of nurses. And yet we never see any uniforms advertised in the Weekly. Name your favorite make of uniform.

Buddy doesn't know much about women's wear. He's not going to mention articles until the buddiettes name them. He's playing safe. Buddy will just pass the buck along to men who wear decorations for bravery.

You women readers have frequently looked through our pages, and in vain, to find advertisements describing a line of goods for which you were in the market.

Is it any wonder Buddiette needs a barrel in her boudoir?

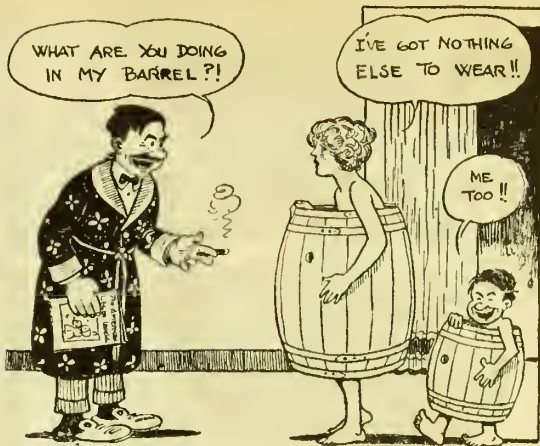
Help Buddy save his barrel. Save Buddiette from a barrel.

Show national advertisers of women's wear, or articles used in the home by women, that women read the Weekly.

We don't want Buddiette on Broadway in a barrel.

Do we?

Use the coupon for a vote—and mail your say-so to us today. Vote early and often.



To the Advertising Manager,  
627 West 43d St., New York City

I would like to see advertised with us the following articles for personal wear or home use:

Give reasons .....

This coupon is for all Legionnaires and Auxiliary Members to fill out. But if you are a dealer or salesman handling this line, please indicate by check mark dealer salesman

Name.....

Address.....

Auxiliary Post.....

## OUR DIRECTORY

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad in

AUTOS & AUTO ACCESSORIES	
Herman Bumiller .....	
Chevrolet Motor Co. ....	
VVVVElectric Storage Battery Co. ....	27
VLiberty Top & Tire Co. ....	28
BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS	
VVVAmerican Pub. Co. ....	
Berry's Poultry Farm .....	23
VVNelson Doubleday, Inc. ....	Inside Back Cover
VVVVThe Pathfinder Pub. Co. ....	22
VVPellon Publishing Co. ....	26
BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES	
Acorn Brass Mfg. Co. ....	28
VVAkron Lamp Co. ....	27
VVVAmerican Accessories Co. ....	
VVVAmerican Products Co. ....	
Banner Tailoring Co. ....	24
Burke Mfg. Co. ....	25
Clark Products Co. ....	28
VVVVConner Mfg. Co. ....	28
VVFyr Fyter Co. ....	
W. Z. Gibson .....	23
VVGGoodyear Mfg. Co. ....	
VVVLightning Calculator Co. ....	
VVMac-O-Chee Mills .....	25
VVMadison Shirt Co. ....	27
VVSanta Fe Railway .....	28
VJB. Simpson, Inc. ....	25
VVVVStandard Food & Fur Co. ....	
Superior Laboratories .....	
U. S. Supply Co. ....	30
Washington Tailoring Co. ....	28
Willis-Overland, Inc. ....	22
VVWorld's Star Knitting Co. ....	
ENTERTAINMENT	
VVVT. S. Denison & Co. ....	30
VVUniversal Distributors .....	24
FOOD PRODUCTS	
VVVVThe Genesee Pure Food Co. ....	
FURNITURE	
VVVVHartman Furniture & Carpet Co. ....	
INSURANCE	
VJohn Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co. ....	
New York Life Insurance .....	17
INVESTMENTS	
VG. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co. ....	

"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—as a national advertising medium; with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the WEEKLY—we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS	
VVVVAmerican Legion Emblem Division .....	Back Cover
VVVJos. De Roy & Sons .....	20
VVFlour City Ornamental Iron Co. ....	30
VHarris Gear Co. ....	
J. M. Lyon & Co. ....	
E. Richwine & Co. ....	
VVVVSanta Fe Watch Co. ....	25
R. F. Simmons Company .....	21
VVVVSupreme Jewelry Mfg. Co. ....	
VVVW. L. Sweet, Inc. ....	28
MEDICINAL	
Bayer Tablets of Aspirin .....	24
VVMusterole Co. ....	22
VVSloan's Liniment .....	
MEN'S WEAR	
VCheney Brothers .....	
VVCiuet, Peabody & Co. ....	27
VThe Florsheim Shoe Co. ....	
VVHart Schaffner & Marx .....	
VHoleproof Hosiery Co. ....	
VVParamount Trading Co. ....	
VVVReliance Mfg. Co. ....	
VVWilson Brothers .....	4
MISCELLANEOUS	
American Chicle Co. ....	
Belle City Incubator Co. ....	
Dietograph Products Corp. ....	
VCoile & Co. ....	30
Jung Arch Brace Co. ....	
Marvel Mfg. Co. ....	
VPhiladelphia Key Co. ....	
Philo Burt Mfg. Co. ....	25
VRedding & Co. ....	28
Wisconsin Incubator Co. ....	20

## of ADVERTISERS

our AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY." Or tell the same thing to the salesman or dealer from whom you buy their products.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS	
VVBuescher Band Inst. Co. ....	18
C. G. Conn. Ltd. ....	
Wilson Bros. Mfg. Co. ....	
The Wrightman Shop .....	25
J. W. York & Sons .....	
PATENT ATTORNEYS	
VVJ. L. Jackson .....	23
VVVVVVLLacey & Lacey .....	28
SCHOOLS AND INSTRUCTION	
VVAmerican School .....	
VVVVChicago Engineering Works .....	
Sherwin Cody School of English .....	26
VVVVFranklin Institute .....	24
VVAlexander Hamilton Institute .....	3
Palmer Photoplay Corp. ....	
VVPatterson Civil Service School .....	2
VVVVStandard Business Training Institute .....	
VVVVF. W. Tamblin .....	20
VVVUnited Y. M. C. A. School .....	
SEEDS	
Charlotte M. Haines .....	
Japan Seed Co. ....	30
SMOKERS' NEEDS	
VVVVAmerican Tobacco Co. ....	15
VVElecto Cigarette Holder Co. ....	27
VVVLiggett & Myers Tobacco Co. ....	22
VVLYons Mfg. Co. ....	
SPORTS AND RECREATION	
Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. ....	
VVVVHarley-Davidson Motor Co. ....	20
VVHendee Mfg. Co. ....	
VVStokes Kirk .....	25
VVThos. E. Wilson .....	
TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH	
VVVAmerican Telephone & Telegraph Co. ....	
TOILET NECESSITIES	
Forhan Co. ....	27
VVVVThe Pepsodent Co. ....	19
VJ. B. Williams Co. ....	
TRAVEL AND TRANSPORTATION	
VVU. S. Shipping Board .....	16
TYPEWRITERS	
VVCorona Typewriter Co., Inc. ....	
VVInternational Typewriter Exchange .....	
VVRemington Typewriter Co. ....	
VVVShipman Ward Mfg. Co. ....	

V SERVICE STRIP—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. THE VV TWO, VVV THREE, VVVV FOUR AND FIVE STRIPERS ARE GROWING IN NUMBER, AND THE SIX STRIPERS ARE BEGINNING TO APPEAR.

We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," issue of December 22, 1922. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

Advertising rates: \$3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

THEY  
ADVERTISE  
LET'S  
PATRONIZE

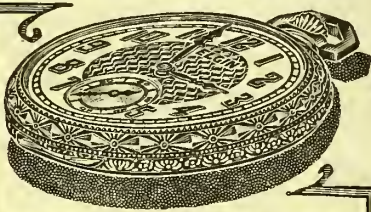
THEY  
ADVERTISE,  
LET'S  
PATRONIZE



# ELGIN'S

## NEW BOULEVARD

### 17 JEWEL!



**ONLY \$1.00 DOWN**

New special 25 year gold cases. New 17 Jewel Boulevard Models. New gold moire dials—real works of art.

**Greatest Watch Offer** since the war, bar none. You can now own the world's best known watch at the lowest factory price—a price lower than most houses charge you for inferior and off-brand makes.

**Sent On Approval.** We send you this new 17 Jewel Elgin on a trial. If you are not fully satisfied, you pay only a little each month, so little that you will never miss the money.

**\$5.00 CHAIN and FREE KNIFE SET**

**Write Today** for catalog and full particulars of this special introductory offer. We are the world's largest Elgin Watch House; we have trusted wage earners for nearly a quarter of a century and will trust you.

**HARRIS-GOAR CO.**  
Dept. 595 Kansas City, Mo.

## Japanese Rose Bushes

### Five for 10 Cts.



**The Wonder of the World**

Rose Bushes with roses on them in 8 weeks from the time the seed was planted. It may not seem possible but we guarantee it to be so. They will **BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS** Winter or Summer and when 3 years old will have 5 or 6 hundred roses on each bush. Will grow in the house

in the winter as well as in the ground in summer. **Roses All The Year Around.** Package of seed with our guarantee, by mail, **Only Ten Cents.** Japan Seed Co., Box 221, South Norwalk, Conn.

## Your Outfit's Photograph

In '17, '18 or '19 your organization was photographed. It's the only photograph of the "bunch" as you and they were then. It can never be taken again. Get a copy now, while you can, for your children and their children's children. If your outfit was photographed we can supply it. Give full name—camp and date. Price \$3.00.

COLE & CO., Asbury Park, N. J.

**GIVEN**

**GUARANTEED 5 YEARS**

All this jewelry is yours for selling only 6 Boxes Mentho Nova Salve at 25 cents. Wonderful for cuts, burns, etc. Order today. When sold return \$1.50 and all 6 pieces are yours.

U. S. SUPPLY COMPANY. Dept. EF-52 Greenville, Pa.

**MINSTRELS** Musical Comedies and Revues, with full instructions for staging. You can stage your own show with our books. Full line of plays, music, cross-fire, monologues, afterpieces, vaudeville acts and make-up. **CATALOGUE FREE.**

T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept 66, Chicago

ber of them had been roofed with glass at one time, but the glass was all gone and the machinery beneath was standing under the open sky. Practically all of the machinery could never be used again. The roofs which remained were leaking so badly that they were useless. The electrical fixtures had been ripped out and the wiring left tangled and useless. The yards outside the buildings were a mass of junk.

One smelting furnace and a rolling mill had by some miracle been kept in fairly good condition and were in operation. There were enough men in the smeltery to have operated half a dozen furnaces, but the only persons in sight who were doing any real work were women. Indeed, all of the heavy work was being done by women, young and old, some of them remarkably husky, while the men spent most of their time loafing about the place and smoking. Several of the men, who were the foremen, carried big whips.

"Those whips," Mohr remarked, "makes the picture of slavery complete."

We watched one group of women hauling ore in wheelbarrows a distance of about twenty-five feet and then dumping it into a crusher. Another gang of women, with carts, hauled the crushed ore about a hundred yards and dumped it into the smelter. We were attracted by one young girl who was struggling barefooted between the crusher and the smelter. Hers would have been a hard job for an able-bodied man. When she came back from one trip we got a couple of shovels and helped her fill the cart. Then we pushed it to the smelter and dumped it. The girl said nothing, but the look of astonishment on her face would have been comical had the situation been less tragic. Neither Mohr nor I are weaklings, but after we had worked at this girl's job for an hour and a half, we were thoroughly exhausted and ready to quit.

How the women who were working at the smelter stood the heat I cannot imagine. Mohr and I went in to watch them, but had to beat a hasty retreat.

In the rolling mill the product of the smeltery was being turned into strips of iron about twenty-five feet long, four inches wide and an inch thick. This was being done not because there was any demand for the product, but because there was nothing better to do. As a matter of fact the strips were simply piled up in the yard to rust.

The truth was that all the men and women who were working in the factory were doing so not because there was any need for their services, but because they had to work in order to get their daily pyok of black bread and tea.

Such was the plant we were expected to "Americanize". The first step in obtaining efficiency would necessarily have been shutting down the whole place until there was something to make and then employing only enough men for the purpose. But under the Soviet rule of "no work, no bread" we would at once have condemned every man and woman there to the fate of the refugees we had seen at Perm. Furthermore, it was at once apparent that it would take a tremendous amount of money and several years of work to get the factory again in operating condition.

Next day Mohr and I started out to see the nearby iron mines. The ore was hauled in by a narrow-gauge railroad laid across the swamps which surround

the town. The toy engine which pulled us bobbed and swayed like a ship in a storm. It did more than that; it jumped the track in the center of the bog and we had to wait for the wrecking crew.

The wrecking crew! When it arrived it consisted of a gang of women of all ages. Apparently they had had such work before. They waded waist-deep in the muck, repairing the tracks and prying at the engine to get it back in place.

I noticed one woman who seemed to be particularly out of place. Her face and bearing bespoke culture, and I had a chance to observe her more closely when I saw her trying to shove one of the heavy cars to a place of safety, unaided, and went to her assistance. I have seen many of her type since. Undoubtedly she was a member of the old aristocracy, forced to the level of a truck horse.

Because of the accident we did not reach the mines, after all, but returned to the shack and spent the day cleaning out the filth that had accumulated before our arrival. While we were at work at this task a group of children gathered outside the window, begging for *malink milwa* and *kleb* (soap and bread). I had only a little bread, but by some bit of luck we had brought with us from the States several cases of soap. So I gave each child a cake of soap.

I have never been happier in my life than when I came out of the shack next day, for the children crowded about me to show how clean they were. Each had taken a bath, the first, I suppose, in months, and all had washed their clothes. I could hardly believe they were the same children. Children are not used to even such little acts of kindness in Russia, and after that everywhere I went I had a crowd of them at my heels. Often I went hungry to give them bread, but I always felt well repaid.

The children soon became known among the colonists as "Mac's Gang" (I was called Mack). They were the one bright spot in all my experience in Russia. A country with such children is potentially a great nation. Given education and freedom, they will make Russia, with her great natural resources, all that one could hope for her.

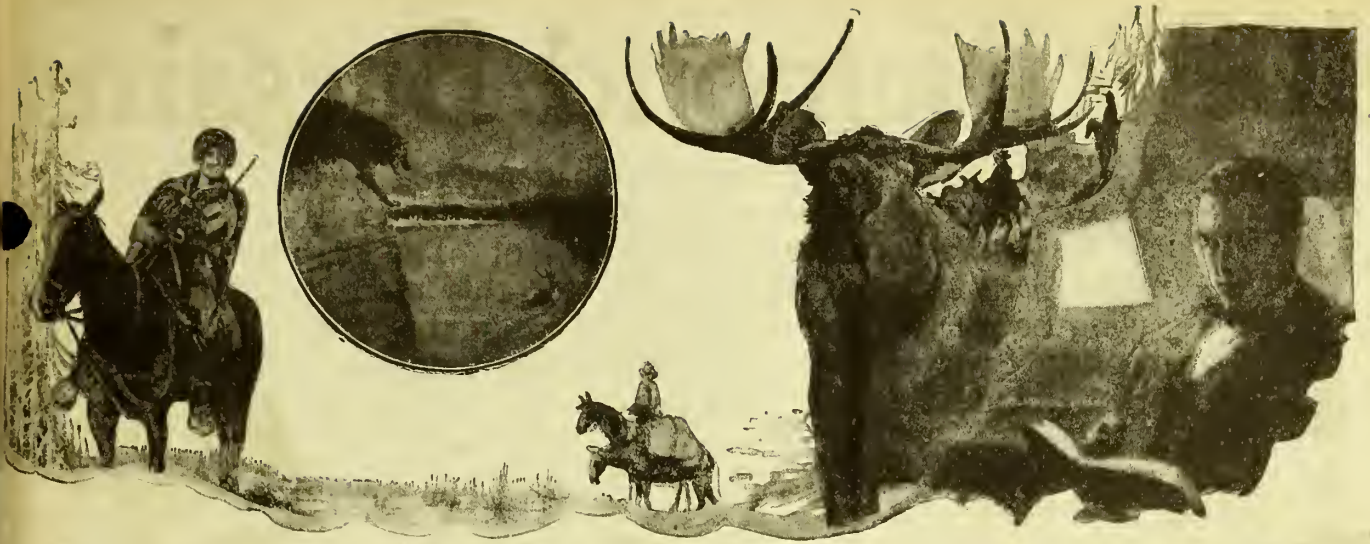
I knew a little about electricity and I was given the job of wiring several of the houses occupied by the colonists. The last of these had been used as a typhus hospital. After that I was assigned to guard duty in a machine shop, which the colonists already there had salvaged from the wreckage of the factory, and where they had begun to build a gas engine. I was on duty sixteen hours a day.

It was while at this job that I fell ill of a fever. I had been in bed three days, attended by my roommate, Mohr, when the manager of the concession, Von Hoffen, decided that I had typhus and called a doctor. For two weeks I lay in bed without eating, seeing only Mohr and the doctor. I was so thoroughly discouraged and disgusted that I did not care whether I lived or not. I think I should have given up entirely if it had not been for "Mac's Gang."

Each day they camped outside our door. They found flowers, God knows where, and brought them. When anyone entered or left the shack they never failed to ask for news of Mac. Could a man ask for more faithful friends?

(To be continued)





# Magic nights under the red moon

Though you sit in your cozy armchair you can still be out in the clean white spaces of the Northwest—out in Adventureland!

IF THE hard pavements of the city streets are beginning to pall—if you feel hemmed in by tall, smothering buildings—if the electric lights along the City Frail are beginning to lose their glamour—it is a sign that the "call of the wild" is coming to you—it is a sign for you to "pack up" your mind and follow James Oliver Curwood into the great Romance and of the Northwest.

Here is the great magic land where care and worry are banished in a twinkling—

where the breath of Romance stirs in the blood of men and women—the land of adventure, strange, enchanting, wondrous. Stand under the great open sky—gaze at the wondrous Red Moon and the White Stars—hear the cry of the wolf pack—stand at the top of the world and feel the spell of the vast white wilderness! You do not have to stir out of your easy chair to do it. James Oliver Curwood is waiting for you, ready to carry you far and happily into Adventureland.



## JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD 6 Complete Volumes \*Now at a Special Price

"Nomads of the North," "The Grizzly King," "Baree, Son of Kazan," "The Courage of Marge O'Doone," "God's Country and the Woman," "The Hunted Woman."

To every soul there comes the frequent, insistent "call of the wild." Your adventurous spirit will find satisfaction in exploring, with James Oliver Curwood, the great Romance and of the Northwest. Here in the enchanted country this great author writes about so absorbingly, wonderful adventures are always appening. Let him take you along to the great white spaces of the wilderness. Spend the night with him under the frosty stars—travel over the great untrammelled spaces by canoe, by snow shoe, by dog sledge. Go on exciting big game hunts, form an intimacy with the wild creatures of the Northwest.

Here, waiting for you in the wonderful pages of James Oliver Curwood's books, is all the magic romance of a great and glorious country, ready to thrill and inspire you—ready to lift you clear of worry and care—ready to transport you to the land and people of your dreams.

There never was a writer with the compelling power of James Oliver Curwood. His stories have the gripping, broad interest of big things done in a big way. More than 2,000,000 copies of these books have been sold. The tales have been eagerly sought by moving picture companies all over the world. And now you have the opportunity of obtaining a beautiful six-volume set of James Oliver Curwood at an unprecedented price! At last this world-famous author is brought within the reach of everybody. By acting quickly—that is the condition, remember—you can obtain a wonderful six volume set of James Oliver Curwood for practically half price! The set, which is beautifully bound in dark maroon cloth, with the titles lettered in gold, has sold regularly for almost DOUBLE the present price!

### SEND NO MONEY

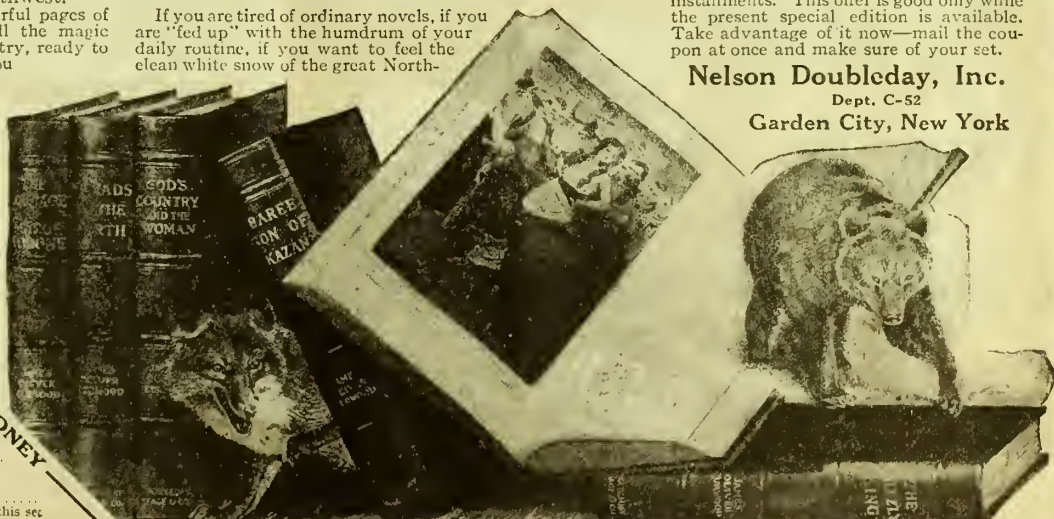
If you are tired of ordinary novels, if you are "fed up" with the humdrum of your daily routine, if you want to feel the clean white snow of the great North-

west under your feet, if you want to live among real men and women, follow Curwood into adventure-land! Don't bother to send any money. Merely mail the coupon and the six volumes of Curwood will be sent to you at once. When they arrive, you have the privilege of examining them for seven days, and then paying for them in small monthly installments. This offer is good only while the present special edition is available. Take advantage of it now—mail the coupon at once and make sure of your set.

**Nelson Doubleday, Inc.**

Dept. C-52

Garden City, New York



THIS COUPON SAVES YOU MONEY

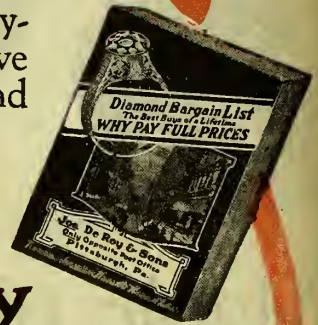
By sending cash with your order you can secure this set only \$7.00.



# 1088 Diamond Bargains

**Y**ES—1088 of the best diamond bargains you have ever seen. See these—also hundreds of diamonds and other jewels in the latest issue of "The Diamond Bargain List." Send today for this money-saving book. See the wonderful offerings that give amazing opportunities to purchase diamonds and other bargains at special low prices.

## 60% of Market Price



## will Buy Diamonds Here

Here's why we can offer such remarkable values: This famous 75 year old firm—rated at over \$1,000,000.00 capital—the largest and oldest diamond banking institution of its kind in the world has made loans on diamonds, watches, and jewels in excess of \$25,000,000.00.

### Why Pay Full Prices Costs Nothing to See

We now have thousands upon thousands of unpaid loans and other special advantage bargains that we must sell to get back our cash. Loan Value—not market value is our price basis on unpaid loans. Send now for Bargain List. Don't delay. Learn all about the startling offerings that you can get at a fraction of their real value. The Buys of a lifetime. Costs nothing to see.

### FREE—On Approval! The "Buys" of a Lifetime!

At our risk—we send you any bargain you wish for absolutely free examination. No red tape. No reference required. No obligation. Compare it carefully. Have it valued any way you wish. Don't buy unless satisfied you can not match the bargain at 60 per cent more. If you decide not to buy, you are not out one penny. See how much we can save you—or see how much more we can give at other's prices.

### As Low As \$60 Per Carat

Not all, but some. Yes, some even lower priced, also finest gems obtainable at higher per carat, but proportionately low Bargain Prices. Get a diamond now around half its market price.

### Send for Latest List of Diamond Loans

Entirely different from the ordinary catalog. You will find hundreds of Diamond Bargains described in full detail with exact weight, color, quality, etc., which hardly any others do. You know what you're buying before you buy. Besides the Bargain list tells of Guaranteed Loan Value, unlimited exchange privilege at full price paid, and all details of free examination offer.

### Use Coupon Now!

Or just send name. Postal will do. We'll send our latest Bargain list. It's free. No obligation. No expense. Write now.

**Jos. De Roy & Sons**  
9095 De Roy Building  
Only Opposite Post Office  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

References by permission:—  
Bank of Pittsburgh—N. A.  
Marine National Bank—  
Union Trust Co. Pitts-  
burgh, Pa. Your bank can  
look us up in mercantile  
agencies

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

### Guaranteed Cash Loan!

Diamonds bought here are like insurance policies. You know what you can borrow before you decide to buy—SEE OUR CASH BACK GUARANTEE.



JOS. DE ROY & SONS PITTSBURGH, PA.